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JUNE 4, 1968

Russia gains in the
Middle East while the U. S.
talks about Vietnam

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Mr. Thoreau's Time Bomb

FREDERICK K. SANDERS

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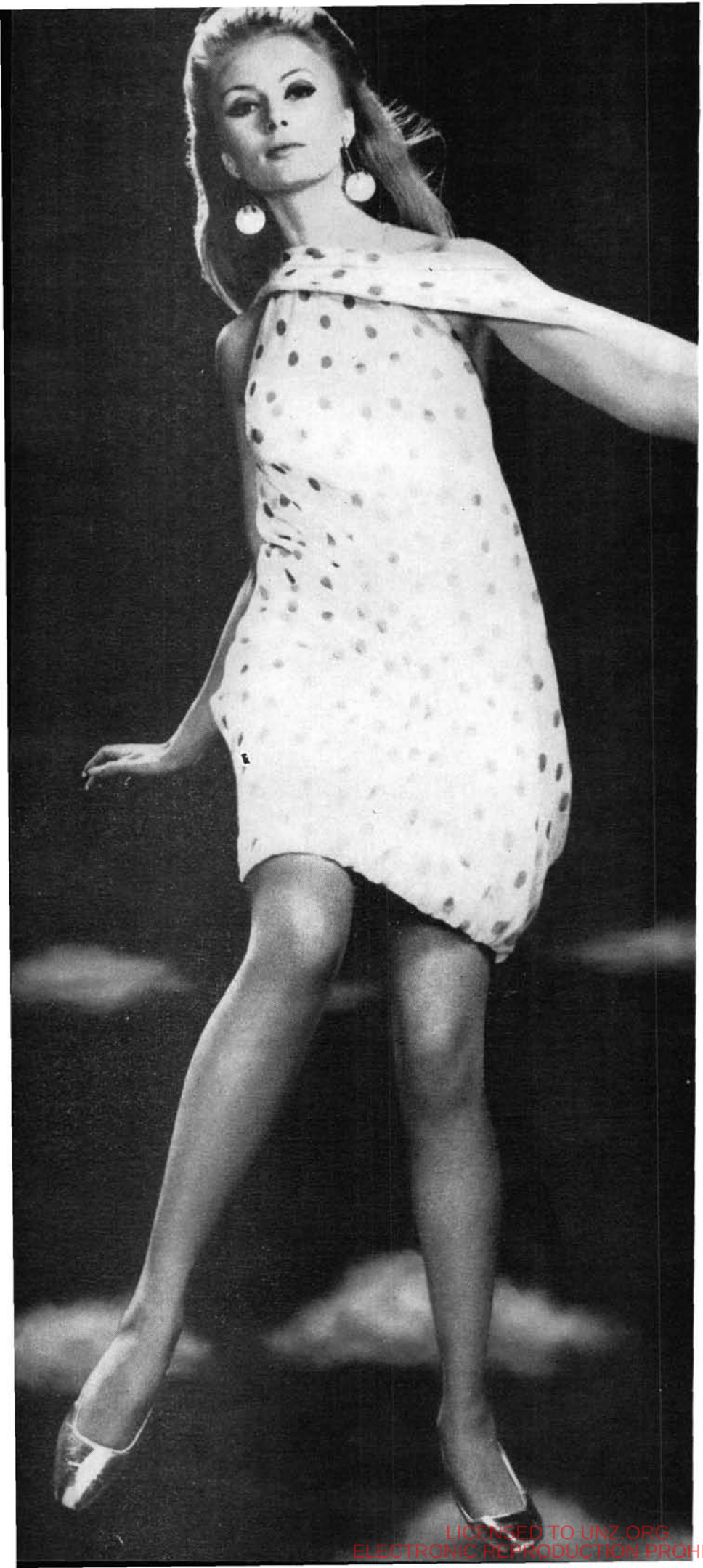

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LETTERS

Reagan: The Open Question

Hugh Kenner's analysis of Ronald Reagan ["A Nervous View of Ronald Reagan", May 7] was just what I have been looking for. I believe there is a growing concern among conservatives over a tendency to identify conservatism with middle-class suburban materialism as epitomized in Reagan. Conservatives can hardly berate liberals for "secular materialism" if their own interests merge with the most openly materialistic aspects of urban society. If conservatism is to remain a vital force in America, it must point beyond the pretensions of suburban meaninglessness as well as those of utopian enthusiasm.

Houston, Tex. JEFF COX

My thanks to Jeffrey Hart for his informative and sometimes humorous article in defense of Ronald Reagan ["Wading in the Serbonian Bog," May 7]. I am pleased that Mr. Hart noted Reagan's proposal to use half of the tuition charge to aid students from low-income families, a proposal that has often been ignored by the news media and by Reagan's critics. These funds would help those who are not now able to attend the University. Reagan has also suggested a delay in the payment of tuition in certain cases until the student has graduated.

Sacramento, Cal. THOMAS OKADA

Thank heaven for one such as Jeffrey Hart, who has the ability to cope with the fireworks-brilliance of Hugh Kenner's rhetorical skill. I have reacted to Hugh Kenner's writing in the past with much the same state of ecstacy which possesses me upon exposure to the piano playing of Horowitz, Gieseking, Rubenstein and many others. I like music; however, I do not want to listen to it while dealing with such serious problems as the family budget, or the *Weltanschauung* of my children.

Milwaukee, Wis. VICTOR A. TORKELDSON

Re the "Serbonian Bog" of Mr. Hart's excogitation: would it not have been more candid to inform your readers that Mr. Hart is currently employed not by the English Department of Dartmouth but by the Governor's Office in Sacramento, in a capacity which presumably includes hatchet-work to order?

Santa Barbara, Cal. HUGH KENNER

The core of the California debate is: Should a student pay for his education "*more or less*" or "*exactly*." Kenner's argument is that it all comes out in the wash, so why keep book? Hart notes that the proposal was "small" and that it would help "students from low income groups." Both escape the central question, which is, should a student borrow the cost of his education and start paying it back nine months after he completes his training, or should the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker help pay for the education of the doctor, lawyer and professor? Kenner notes: "But we now approach nearly classless affluence, which *both* receives *and* pays. And hates paying." Wouldn't the educated man prefer paying back a finite personal debt to infinite, ever-escalating, social taxes? If the high school graduate wishes to help the colleges, wouldn't he *love* donating as much as he now *hates* being sent the tax bill for somebody's else's higher education?

Reagan should have stated the core of the argument to the people as simply as did Frederic Bastiat when he noted that government was that delusion by which each citizen contrives to live at the expense of some other citizen. Then Reagan should have asked the residents if they wished to continue sending the bill for educating the professional people to all net-producers or only to those who actually received the educational services Ask (by a proposition on the ballot) for a bond issue to create a fund for the purpose of insuring loans to students who are residents of this state. If the bond issue passes, the regents can start the tuition.

Santa Barbara, Cal. ROBERT HAWKINS

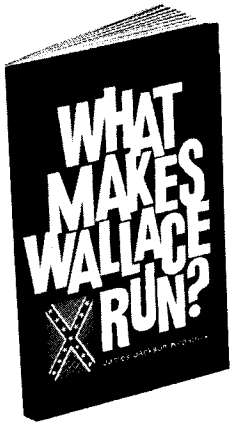
Slaves to the Draft

Your attacks on those Americans who have gone into exile or adopted subterfuges to avoid military slavery have exposed a vulnerable spot in your individualistic armor. M. Stanton Evans made this quite clear in his review, "The Triumph of Taft" [April 9] which conveniently avoided the Senator's fiery denunciation of Selective Service. Your historical sense also seems somewhat dulled in the Canadian matter: Wasn't the War of 1812 caused somewhat by Britain's dragging off deserters (a loose term) who had sought American asylum?

Beyond the ideological and historical there are practical reasons why NATIONAL REVIEW should take another look at those who are protesting involuntary military servitude. Boston's Commissioner of Police, Edmund L. McNamara, has proposed that young men be drafted to serve in urban civil defense and counterinsurgency

(continues on p. 564)

What Makes Wallace Run?



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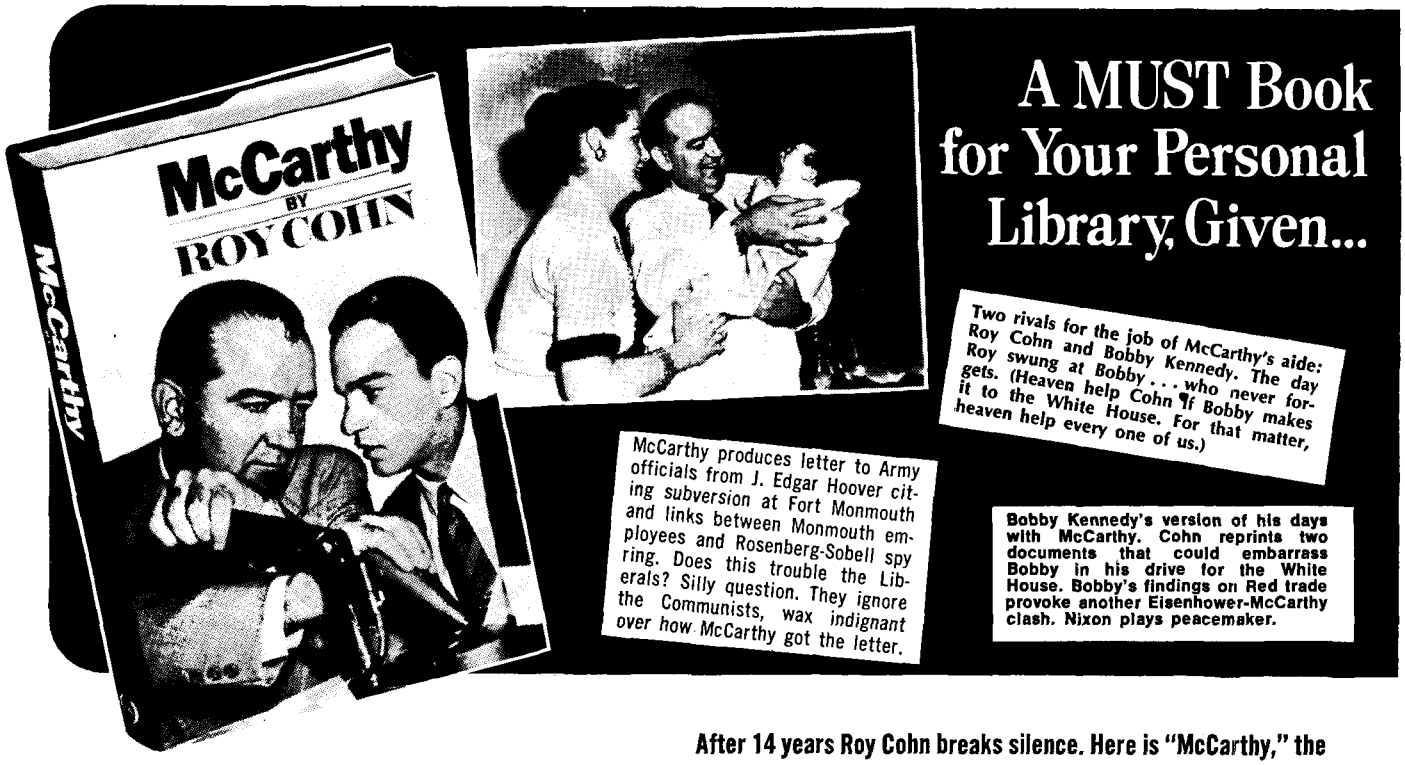
McCarthy
BY
ROY COHN
McCarthy produces letter to Army officials from J. Edgar Hoover citing subversion at Fort Monmouth and links between Monmouth employees and Rosenberg-Sobell spy ring. Does this trouble the Liberals? Silly question. They ignore the Communists, wax indignant over how McCarthy got the letter.
Two rivals for the job of McCarthy's aide: Roy Cohn and Bobby Kennedy. The day Roy swung at Bobby . . . who never forgets. (Heaven help Cohn if Bobby makes it to the White House. For that matter, heaven help every one of us.)
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★The welcoming party for Cohn. Among those present: Richard Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover.

★McCarthy and the Kennedys. The romance that almost was. Papa Joe's endless phone calls.

> **"It's grisly. They're yelling at the cop who got the goods on the murderer. They don't give a damn about the murderer — they only want to know how the cop got the proof."**
> **— *Senator Joe McCarthy***

★Who promoted Peress? Key excerpts from the testimony. High-ranking general tips off Committee about Army shenanigans — but has to take calls in a phone booth. Did McCarthy browbeat General Zwicker? What the nation learned from the probe.

★The ugly threats and dark maneuverings of Sanctimonious Stu Symington.

★Drew Pearson slurs McCarthy's war record. Cohn reproduces the record, complete with citations.

★The secret White House meeting on January 21, 1954. The get-McCarthy strategy unfolds. Ike blocks every attempt by Congress to check on the machinations of his aides.

★The issue: did McCarthy and Cohn bring improper pressure in favor of Private David Schine? Or did the Army use this as an excuse to deflect attention from Fort Monmouth, and lax security as crystallized in the Peress case?

★Cohn's first, disastrous appearance as a witness. Joe and the staff rehearse him for his next stint. Here reproduced for the first time: Willard Edwards' revealing on-the-spot notes made that evening in the McCarthy living room. Roy's homework pays off: he winds up the best witness of all.

★McCarthy, nerves raw from badgering and from his deadly sinus headache, snaps, breaks his word to Cohn, brings on the grim emotional climax of the hearings.

★The Committee verdict, coolly analyzed by Cohn.

★How they voted on the censure: man-by-man breakdown. Nine Senators, still active and with reputations as conservatives, vote for censure. Three, ranging from somewhat to very Liberal, vote against censure. What the Senators told Joe — off the record.

★The last dark days. Joe's treatment by the other Senators. His prophetic warning about "the spirit of Geneva." Insights from Brent Bozell and Ray Kiermas, his aides at the end. Was Joe drinking too much? Health problems pile up. His last words to Roy Cohn.

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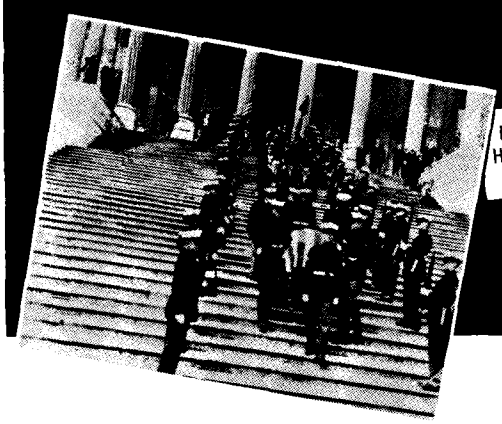

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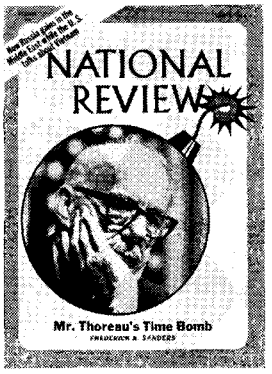
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We travel. **Frederick Sanders** traces the way from Walden Pond to Boston, from the "Civil Disobedience" of Thoreau to the current court test, in Boston, of Dr. Spock's understanding of civil disruption. This is Prof. Sanders' shakedown cruise in *NR*; his other loyalty is the Dept. of English, Univ. of Georgia. . . . **Roman Brackman** takes you to the Near East where, he says, the real thrust of Soviet power is taking place. He was born in Moscow, imprisoned in Siberia for five years; spent a year in Israel; became a U.S. citizen this year; working towards Ph.D. at New York University. . . . To the battlefield at Columbia with grad student **Tad Crawford**. . . . To London, where **Anthony Lejeune** holds that Enoch Powell's recent blunt remarks on race relations only point up the otherwise customary gap between governors and governed. . . . To Greece with **Wm. Rickenbacker,** who spent a week there in April as a guest of the prime minister. . . . To San Francisco with **William A. Rusher**, who approves of it.



■ Whew! It's great to be back. **James Burnham** finds in campus leftists traces of the old romanticism. . . . Riots on campus and off, says **Frank S. Meyer,** spring from the inability or refusal of the governors to govern, in a society that is coming unglued. . . . **Russell Kirk** reviews the scads of conservative-minded publications coming off campus and off-campus presses, and concludes that Our Crowd has plenty of talent coming along.

■ Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** very much likes a new book by Ronald Berman which sums up the Soaring Sixties in broad cultural terms, the gist of which is that Castro whipped Jack Kennedy and we are all *fidelistas* now. . . . **Richmond Crinkley**, believe us, is the real name of one "James Fletcher" who has written several pieces for *NR*, usually from Oxford. Now he's teaching English at Chapel Hill. He appreciates the new book by Garry Wills on the war in the streets. . . . Sir **Shane Leslie** rather wishes Mr. Holroyd hadn't gone on *quite* so long about Lytton Strachey and a' that, but reads a lesson in the final sad destruction of wit and vice together. . . . Joan Didion has been thinking, as who hasn't, about the way things are coming apart at the seams (cf., above, Lejeune, Sanders, Burnham, Crawford, Brackman, Meyer, Buckley & Co., Inc.). **C. H. Simonds** likes what she has to say about the Modern Predicament, and the way she says it. . . . **Michael Lindsay** notes, in re a new book about Red China, that diplomatic recognition wouldn't have helped much, and still won't, so there. . . . **Arlene Croce** views with great interest the year-round spring cleaning done by flickritic Pauline Kael.

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THE WEEK

■ From the *New York Times*:

Saigon, South Vietnam, May 15—U.S. pilots have reduced the number of air raids against targets in North Vietnam during the last seven days, despite the best flying weather of the year. The reduction led to speculation that the preliminary peace talks in Paris were influencing military strategy. . . .

Saigon, South Vietnam, May 16—The military command reported today that 562 Americans died in South Vietnam during the week that ended last Saturday. It was the highest American death toll for any week of the war.

■ The House of Representatives has put off until early June, or perhaps later, a vote on the bill to reduce federal expenditures and raise federal income tax rates. NATIONAL REVIEW has no sympathy with the proposition that the trouble with the dollar is that the American taxpayer hasn't been paying enough taxes. Nevertheless, the House action is irresponsible in the extreme, when seen in the light of impending chaos in the international monetary system. What the world needs is the rare sight of the United States announcing its willingness to swallow bad-tasting medicine, even if (as we believe) the currently prescribed medicine will be ineffectual. The House action can only contribute to foreign fears that Washington is, when you come right down to it, actually incapable of administering its affairs.

■ In Baltimore the Rev. Philip Berrigan is acting up again. A few months ago he poured blood (a goose's) on personnel files in the local draft office. Now he and a posse of eight friends are in jail for having raided the draft office, stolen about 600 files, and burnt them with home-made napalm. Nowadays such caprices are so common as to be vulgar. What sets Berrigan aside from the crowd, if not above it, is the symbolism of his situation. The decline of moral authority is never so catastrophically evident as when a man of the cloth feels impelled to resort to mayhem.

■ Negro self-help movements—the constructive side of black power—are getting a big boost from local private enterprise groups around the country in a concerted effort to raise the status of the Negro by ending his reliance upon the government. Some of the most promising of the new ventures include the Hotel Corporation of America's $4.5 million project to build a new hotel for Harlem, planned with the help of Harlem investors; Baltimore's new Community Investment Company, which will lend risk capital to ghetto businessmen; and the $1 million in "seed money" raised by Philadelphia business and civic executives to help Negroes find independent employment. A parallel development has been the impressive metamorphosis of CORE from fractious demagoguery to responsible leadership. In a formal break with SCLC's Poor People's March, CORE declared that "handouts are demeaning. They do violence to a man, strip him of dignity and breed in him a hatred of the total system." "Black capitalism" is the answer, says CORE, sounding for all the world like Richard M. Nixon. Nor is the resemblance accidental. According to columnists Evans & Novak, Nixon's men have been working with Floyd McKissick and Roy Innis, and two weeks ago in New York Innis cemented the link, and confirmed CORE's swing towards the right, by remarking publicly that "the people we are going to deal with are the Rosemary Gunnings and the Dick Nixons. Somehow our agendas intersect."

■ A few years ago, after years of legal wrangling, the railroads and the railway unions accepted a statutory mechanism for reducing the number of "featherbedding" jobs such as "firemen" on diesel locomotives (which, of course, don't need firemen). As a result, about 6,000 or 7,000 railway jobs have been eliminated gradually, through promotion, retirement, death, and so on. Recently, however, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has been fighting back, striking the railroads one by one rather than on a national basis. So far it has struck 30 of the 75 Class I rails (they do about 90 per cent of the business) and, according to the railroads, several hundred new jobs have been "created" in response to such union pressure. Whether the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen will join the fray is unclear at the moment. If it does, it may seek to throttle the rails in a national strike.

■ A recent photograph of Commander Lloyd Bucher, skipper of the *USS Pueblo*, shows him dressed in Oriental prison garb, signing another one of the interminable *mea culpas* demanded by the North Koreans. Bucher's face is drawn. He looks depressed, and utterly defeated. But close examination reveals that two fingers on his left hand are *crossed*. Another picture passed by North Korean censors was reproduced in *Newsweek* of April 1 (yes, April Fool's Day); it shows four *Pueblo* crewmen displaying smiles for the Communist propaganda photographer. One bespectacled sailor has both hands gripped firmly into the military version of Jackie Mason's salute to Ed Sullivan. In confounding the Communist cameras—and inviting retribution—Cdr. Bucher and the unnamed sailor cry out that the pictures are staged and phony; both acts are in the tradition of the Navy pilot who last year signed a confession for the North Vietnamese which included detailed references to the crimes of his fellow

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irmen, a Lt. Cdr. Ben Casey and a Lt. Clark Kent.

Papa Doc Duvalier has survived yet another attempt o depose him by force (there is no other way; he got imself elected president for life six or seven years ago n an election in which all the votes were obligingly pre-arked "yes"—yes we want Papa—and voters were al-owed to cast as many ballots as they wanted). Five f an invading force of about 35 are dead; the rest are eing hunted down in the hills around Cap Haitien by ne ferocious Tontons Macoutes, Duvalier's hated prae-orian guard. But there will be other attempts. Duvalier as already outlived the life and/or office span of most faitian presidents by many years. Failure of the latest ttack means that the poor people of Haiti are con-emned to more months or years of grinding poverty and ain and no one, least of all the UN, cares.

Sheldon Cholst, the New York City psychiatrist who et up a Free U.S.A. Government-in-Exile a while back, ot some unsolicited walking papers last week as he and 1 other hippies were tossed out of Laos. Vientiane, ith its 5-cent marijuana bars, has been the mecca for ot-heads the world around, and Laotian immigration irector General Khampeng notes ruefully that ejecting holst and company won't solve the air pollution prob-em in the city's foreign quarter. There are at least an-ther hundred alien hippies still around, he explains, but hey can't be forced out because either they're French, vith special residency rights in the former French colony, r, sigh, they're the children of diplomats, exempt from mmigration rules.

■ We are indebted to Mr. Dolph Vilardi for dramatizing he nature of Columbia's student activism. Several days fter the police had moved in and cleared the five build-ngs at Columbia, Mr. Vilardi, who is also the father of Majority Coalition leader Paul Vilardi, went to a meeting illed to him as a "concerned parents meeting." Even efore the meeting had officially begun, it was obviously ntended as a propaganda rally against President Kirk and he Columbia administration, organized by campus radi-als and parents of arrested students. Realizing the nature f the animal, Mr. Vilardi told a friend who was with im exactly what he was going to do and what the re-ponse would be, and then went down and grabbed the nicrophone, challenging the audience to take it away rom him, or to call the police and have him evicted. He aid over the microphone he wanted a test to see just ow nonviolent they were when faced with the seizure of *heir* property. Almost immediately the newly-installed Rabbi Bruce Goldman, who said later on the David Suss-ind show that he was converted to favoring amnesty for he students in preference to any violence, led a group of ight or ten of the nonviolents up the stairs and pro-eeded to pummel Mr. Vilardi—and his wife, who had ome to his aid—to the ground, in order to regain pos-session of the microphone. Mr. Vilardi and his wife left. And the meeting proceeded in orderly fashion. To condemn the Columbia administration for resorting to violence on the campus.

■ The Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn canceled a symposium of 493 academicians last week because Dr. William Shockley, a Nobel prize winner from Stanford, had planned to argue for an "objective diagnosis, painful though the diagnosis might be, to determine how much of the average Negro intellectual deficit results from environmental disadvantages and how much from differences in neurological brain functioning caused by evolutionary adolescence." It was the faculty that pressured the administration to cancel, charging Dr. Shockley with a "penchant for aggressive publicity-seeking," and suggesting ominously that "his talk could have most regrettable repercussions of various sorts." Obviously, the faculty's august mind was swimming with visions of Another Columbia, of Brooklyn Poly students scaling walls, infesting offices, and mumbo-jumboing about "racist attitudes." Now seven student editors have come forth with the refreshing news that not all campus leaders are totalitarians. In a letter to the *New York Times,* they write: "The majority of students at Polytech feel that the school did a disservice to both Negro and scholar in not allowing Dr. Shockley to speak in the presence of his peers in a free forum, which was to be the case. . . . This certainly has nothing to do with approval of Dr. Shockley's thesis, the validity of which is irrelevant. It is a question of freedom of speech, and the duty of the university in relation to the community. Any question or theory, no matter how insubstantial it may be, must be considered objectively by the academic community in order for its merits to be established or its fallacies to be exposed."

■ No more sexual revolution? Two Columbia University researchers, armed with charts and graphs, have announced that young Americans' sex habits have changed almost not at all since 1920. We just talk more: "There is a growing sense among parents, the press and the students themselves that much more is happening than ever before. [But] the change in *attitude* is mistaken for a change in *behavior.*"

■ Former Governor Thomas E. Dewey fought tooth and claw against the original (1956) designation of Jacob Javits for the U.S. Senate by the New York GOP, according to *NR* Publisher William A. Rusher's book, *Special Counsel,* which Arlington House will publish on May 28. In a footnote to history never before revealed (and almost sure to be denied by Dewey, who has lately been very cordial toward New York's senior senator), Rusher details the ex-Governor's desperate search for an alternative to Javits, and Dewey's eleventh-hour offer to run for the senatorship himself, if President Eisen-

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hower would publicly ask him to do so. Alas, Ike was golfing, or something.

■ Far left involvement in the Negro question is evident once again—this time in a Fawcett paperback entitled *Black Protest: History, Documents, and Analyses 1619 to the Present.* The editing and introduction are the handiwork of Joanne Grant, who has been identified as a Communist before HUAC and has been connected with various pro-Communist endeavors. The general editor is Marvin Gettleman, an old hand in anti-anti-Communist causes. The book, by the way, is a goldmine of obscure information, much of which deserves not to be obscure.

■ Hanky-panky at *Avant-Garde,* or is Ralph Ginzburg running shorter of money than he will be if Barry Goldwater wins that libel suit against *Fact,* the penultimate mongoloid? Item: David Franke (an Arlington House editor) became an *Avant-Garde* charter subscriber in January 1968—on the promise that as a charter subscriber his renewal rate would never go higher than $4. Item: On May 20, 1968, David Franke receives a note from *Avant-Garde* (Miss Cunningham, Subscriber Relations) announcing that computers had decreed that Mr. Franke must renew now for the next year and that if he doesn't "you will forfeit your *Avant-Garde* Charter Subscriber status forever," which is an avant-garde way of running a subscription department if ever we heard of one. cc *NR* Circulation Department.

■ Swinging Headlines from the May 10 *Peking Review*: "Colombian Communist Party Organ Calls on Entire Party to Creatively Apply Mao Tse-tung's Thought to Colombian Revolutionary Practice." Or (our very favorite in the so's-your-old-man department): "The Soviet Revisionist Renegade Clique Is a New Pack of Vampires."

Chienlit, Oui

"Use must be made of a body of images which, by *intuition alone,* and before any considered analyses are made, is capable of evoking as an undivided whole the mass of sentiments which corresponds to the different manifestations of the war undertaken by Socialism against modern society. The Syndicalists solve this problem perfectly, by concentrating the whole of Socialism in the drama of the general strike. . . . All oppositions become extraordinarily clear when conflicts are supposed to be enlarged to the size of the general strike; . . . society is plainly divided into two camps and only into two, on the field of battle. No philosophical explanation . . . could throw such vivid light on the situation as the extremely simple picture called up by the conception of the general strike. . . . With the general strike, the revolution appears as a revolt, pure and simple, and no place is reserved for sociologists, for fashionable people who are in favor of social reforms, and for the Intellectual who have embraced *the profession of thinking for the proletariat.*" Georges Sorel writing in 1906, puts the idea of the revolutionary proletarian general strike in absolute terms: the entire body of proletarians stop work society is divided into two irrevocably marked camps—the strikers on one side, and all the rest of society on the other; all production wholly ceases; the entire structure of the existing society collapses; the workers march back to begin production again, no longer as proletarian but as free and unruled producers ("the proletariat has no need to take lessons from the learned inventors of solutions to social problems, but simply to take up production where capitalism left it"); a completely new era of history begins—"an irreversible transformation [making] an absolute separation between two historical eras."

Sorel's idea of the general strike, dismissed by all social scientists and all ideologists, left to right, has long been forgotten except by scholars. He himself termed it a myth, the primary function of which is "to make the Socialist conception more heroic, [not] to be taken literally as future history. . . . The question of whether the general strike is a partial reality, or only a product of popular imagination, is of little importance."

Then suddenly, spontaneously, with no preparation or warning, there it was, in Sorel's own country: the workers not only in a general strike but in possession of the means of production, with the red and anarchist-black flags of the revolution flying in triumph.

For a day or two it looked to many as if Sorel's full vision was about to be realized. "Groups of enraged men," declared the dismayed Georges Pompidou, who has certainly read his Sorel, "now propose to make the disorder general with the avowed goal of destroying the nation and the very foundations of our free society. Show," he invoked his countrymen, "that you reject anarchism."

But then there set in what Sorel also analyzes: the transformation of the "revolutionary proletarian general strike" into a "political general strike." That is, the politicians ("people whose wits are singularly sharpened by their voracious appetites"), including the politicians of the Marxist parties, facing the possibility of an overturn so total that they and their jobs would be swept away in the general chaos, acted to divert the elemental action of the masses into the channels of negotiation, maneuver, bargaining and compromise.

The politicians will probably succeed in patching France together sufficiently to get the wheels rolling again, but this amazing event will have indelible consequences, only a few of which can be seen clearly for the moment. Gaullism and de Gaulle, at any rate in their more cosmic pretensions, have suffered a blow from which they cannot fully recover. Globally, as internally,

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he grandeur, *gloire,* stability, order, prosperity of the Fifth Republic are exposed as in not inconsiderable part self-deception and bluff. It now being proved that de Gaulle has failed to keep his own house in order, other nations will be less ready to accept his advice on what to do with theirs. De Gaulle's lofty assertion that America's internal troubles spring from the Vietnam war becomes no longer convincing now that everyone can ask in return, then whence spring France's? Gaullist authoritarianism turns out to be an unworkable half-way point: providing neither the democratic safety valves nor the totalitarian clamps to deal with popular dissent and dissatisfaction.

France's general strike speaks not only to France. To all the nations, already alerted by the campus revolts, this near-catastrophic explosion shows once more how very thin is the line between order and chaos.

Nixon

Think quickly now. Can you remember anything really concrete that Eugene McCarthy or Robert Kennedy or Hubert Humphrey or Nelson Rockefeller has said since President Johnson stepped out of the race? McCarthy is for peace and against J. Edgar Hoover. Bobby is for peace and unity. Humphrey is for a happy society. Rockefeller thinks we should rethink Vietnam but ever so slowly and cautiously. And Richard Nixon's ideas—not just his words—are beginning to be heard in the land.

In the past fortnight, Nixon has addressed himself to some of the major problems confronting the nation. He's got people talking about his ideas; not his personality. On Vietnam, his position is clear: He won't discuss it while the Paris negotiations are under way. On Columbia University: American universities should crack down on student protesters and "a good place to start would be the anarchic students at Columbia." On the Poor People's March: "The Government must not be coerced into acting because the machinery of Government has been disrupted and paralyzed by demonstrators." And, "More welfare from Washington will not buy human dignity . . . men and women do not find self respect as perpetual wards of a custodial state." On the race problem more generically: what the Negro needs is not welfare which will make him forever dependent on the state but help: private enterprise must move into the ghettoes to produce black ownership from which will come "black pride, black jobs, black opportunity and yes, black power."

From these positions Nixon has evolved a theory of a new political coalition which would include, 1) traditional Republicans (who have always feared overweening government); 2) the New Liberals (Daniel P. Moynihan and Richard Goodwin) who, since LBJ, have wondered about Big Government as the panacea for all the ills of the citizens; 3) the New South, by which he means that group of young industrial managers, many of them strangers to the South, who have since the end of World War Two brought about a financial renaissance in the area, plus the younger native Southerners who are growing accustomed to the idea of integration whether they like it or not and last, 4) the black militants who want not welfare or handouts "but dignity of ownership and pride." A coalition by its very composition almost impossible to manipulate as a monolith but which, because of converging interests, may well play an important part in the results of November 5.

Interesting ideas: interesting to Tom Wicker of the *New York Times,* to David S. Broder of the *Washington Post,* to the top dozen political columnists and radio and TV commentators in the nation. Interesting too to Governor Rockefeller's advisers, who decided last week that the governor wasn't going to coast to victory in Miami. Think Big, Nelson was told. Be Bold. Say something—anything; and so in the weeks ahead we shall be hearing and seeing a lot more about and from Nelson Rockefeller than we have until now.

Among other things, we shall be hearing a lot more talk about the possibilities of a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket. Rockefeller almost had to bushwhack Reagan to get to see him in New Orleans last week—he waited in the hotel lobby until Reagan entered for breakfast—and came away from the meeting announcing that he was friendly to the thought of a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket and that there was "no ideological gulf" between himself and Reagan. Reagan continued cool to the idea of a coalition with Rocky against Nixon. Why, from his view-

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point, if he decided to go for the number two spot, wouldn't it be more logical for him to move one step left, to Nixon, than two steps left, to Rockefeller?

The Abernathy Show

The Poor People's Campaign can best be understood as a television serial. It was the Selma March that revealed TV as the natural medium for what was then called "the civil rights movement." In the pre-TV era, the Selma affair would have been a minor, little remarked episode in an obscure rural county, without repercussions. But the late Martin Luther King, as at once impresario, director and featured star, made brilliant use of the new medium to expand that small local incident to nationwide and then global dimensions.

It was King, of course, who roughed out the scenario that the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy, his successor as head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, is now staging for all networks, prime time, free. (If you add up the standard charges, you'll have some idea of what a bargain he's getting for his half million or so.) It is only as scenes for the TV cameras that the Campaign actions make sense, and as such they make very good sense indeed. Each step is arranged for its maximum TV potential.

So, for example, the separate starts on separate days of the separate divisions of the March, each beginning with a picturesque parade winding five miles from city center to where, out of camera range, the mobile contingent gets into train or bus. The first sequence, it goes without saying, is shot in mid-Memphis: "Led by two mules pulling an old farm cart" wherein sat Rev. Abernathy, dressed, however, not in the sober garb of his calling, but "in an old blue dungaree work suit"—and flanked, somehow, by Mexican-American, Puerto Rican and Indian girls—"the Poor People's Campaign began the march to Washington along the dirty gray streets of the slums of Memphis."

("It is the kind of group," wrote the *Washington Post's* Bernadette Carey, more aptly perhaps than she intended, "the movie-makers used to order from Central Casting or hire for their own stock companies for supporting roles, walk-ons and crowd-scenes in films like *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Tobacco Road* and *Meet John Doe.*")

Those mules are proving rather a headache. "It seems," complained SCLC's Rev. James Bevel, "that even poor farmers don't use mules any more," and SCLC field worker Willie Bolden, who was told to scare up a few dozen in lower Mississippi, reported: "I've seen two mules in this whole county. Mules seem to be a thing of the past in Mississippi. They've graduated to tractors." Well, mules may not be much use any more for farming, but they make fine poverty symbols on the global screen. *Edwards, Miss.*, May 6: "Gripping the lead line of a pair of mules—'Eastland' and 'Stennis'—the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy launched the Southern Caravan of the Poor People's Campaign here today. . . ." He gets around, Rev. Abernathy, demonstrating, as a former showman put it, that all the world's a stage. (Washington Mayor Washington doesn't know quite what to do about those mules when they get to the capital. It seems that the only spot in the District suitable for mule residence is the White House lawn.)

"We are told that little children will be brought in in great numbers, in the march," Karl Mundt noted in the Senate. "Why? They cannot vote. They cannot even understand what all these arguments are about. We are told that they will be used in the formula invented by the Vietcong, where they put women and children in front of the marchers in a war. . . . We are told that old people will be enlisted in this crusade, pathetic, ill, elderly citizens. Why? Because they make such a picture of police brutality for television. A crippled man who has been knocked over—part of the great propaganda to discredit law and order in this country. The type of incident some television stations seem to delight in projecting to their viewers." As for Resurrection City itself, it surely makes a dream set, tucked there beside the splendid trees and the river, between the two great monuments that sum up our nation's history.

Many, most of those who will join Rev. Abernathy are decent, long-suffering, utterly sincere people. That is why there is something rotten in this Poor People's Campaign. It can bring nothing of real benefit to those in whose name its organizers—who have already begun squabbling among themselves for place and power—presume to speak. It is certain to bring trouble, very probably illness and violence, perhaps much violence as the strains and stresses, compounded by crowding and incompetence, deepen. Those participants who are the most sincere are the ones who will most sharply suffer from the inevitable collapse of the hopes blown up by the irresponsible rhetoric of their vedettes.

Want to Hear a Plot? Involving Ronald Reagan?

It is disclosed in the May issue of *Ripon Forum,* the political monthly edited by Harvard's liberal Republicans, which probably makes it the only publication in the United States that distributes more copies to its writers than to its subscribers. Anyway, *Ripon* surmises that Nixon can't win on the first ballot, and that he doesn't get close enough to win with a few second ballot coattailers. This leaves Reagan, well, in control of a block of delegates, and with a good chance to attract a lot more. Iffiness intrudes at this point, because in order to achieve a majority, Reagan has to deideologize. If Nixon is dumped, Reagan will have to win over most of the Nixon delegates in order to be in the running, and some of

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hese votes won't go to a man whom many are calling another Goldwater." Image changing, like image making, s a job for the media, and *Ripon Forum* reports that ilman Henry Salvatori, the "chief financial architect of Reagan's nomination drive," will save his bucks for trategic television time, right before the Oregon primary, nd, perhaps, right before the convention. It's all an dmirable strategy, says the magazine, and it could be a uccessful one, though at this point the *Forum*'s editors annot pass up the chance to note what happened the ast time a Republican governor led his California dele- gation to the Presidential convention. "Interestingly, Earl] Warren's 'favorite son' candidacy had obtained him the Vice Presidential nomination in 1948 with the op spot going to the then Governor of New York." Baloney, we say.

The Rights of the Criminal

It was an active week for the Supreme Court, which reversed several former decisions and, on the eve of a vote by the Senate to curb the Court's jurisdiction to hear criminal appeals, extended constitutional protections for criminal defendants in several cases involving the question of the right to a jury in a state court under the 14th Amendment due process clause. But the court displayed a certain schizophrenia concerning the jury as fundamental to justice. In the case of *Duncan* v. *Louisiana*, which involved a young Negro charged with simple battery after he had pushed or touched a white youth while attempting to break up a fight, the court held that the jury concept is fundamental in "serious" cases. Duncan's sentence was sixty days in comparison with a maximum penalty of two years, which was evidently serious enough to require a jury. But the court also held that in federal trials involving more than one defendant, the confession of one co-defendant is not admissible if it tends to incriminate a co-defendant. The reasoning, Wm. J. Brennan: "The risk that the jury will not, or cannot, follow instruction is so great" that the jury should not be allowed to hear the confession. The extension of the right to a jury as a federal constitutional right may have serious consequences—a fact not lost on the New York Attorney General's office, which submitted an amicus brief in *Duncan*. New York denies a jury in misdemeanor cases with penalties up to one year. In 1964, 11,678 such cases were tried without a jury, and lawyers are concerned about the impact on the administration of criminal law if a jury is required in every such case. Administrative efficiency may turn out to be the single most important factor in effective prosecution and handling of any future riots. If it becomes administratively impossible to process a large number of cases, there goes, in effect, the deterrent to lawbreaking.

Could there be others?

Peace Negotiator from Hanoi

The Winner!

It was tough picking the Election of the Fortnight for this issue. Several of our editors urged that Italy get the nod because the vote there is a paradigm of What's Happening in Europe Today. Because of Italy's growing affluence, the centrish Christian Democrats and Republicans gained nicely (about 6 per cent of their share in the last general election); because the affluence isn't being spread around enough to suit some and because youth is disillusioned, the Communists and the far-out Proletarian Socialists recorded a similar gain. Big losers were Pietro Nenni's Unified Socialists, who declined 25 per cent from their 1963 high—because, some party leaders are saying, they have become much less socialist since they deserted their Communist allies and joined Premier Aldo Moro's Center-Left Coalition in 1963. Net result: the coalition will stay in power with handy majorities in both houses of the legislature, and Moro will succeed himself; the Left will step up its agitation for Italian withdrawal from NATO, and will probably get nowhere on that line.

Another faction, the Absurdists, opted for the Panamanian vote of two weeks ago. There, the vote-counting has just begun after a delay on account of riots, and final results won't be known for several weeks. Dr. Arnulfo Arias, who managed to charm both the people and the financial interests, will probably emerge victor—but

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supporters of the government-backed candidate, David Samudio, have vowed that Dr. Arias will never take office. Each faction has its own radio station, used for calling the people into the streets to riot; hence the pitched battles that enlivened the voting and delayed the tally. Votes are being counted by a special board of ten men, one from each of Panama's political parties. The Arias faction controls the board, six to four, but the Samudio group is already using various delaying tactics. Dr. Arias is heartened by news that Gen. Bolivar Vallarino, chief of the National Guard, will abide by the election board's verdict. Previously *El General*, the man who really runs Panama, had been solidly behind Samudio. At the moment, his men are out hunting for missing ballot boxes.

Then we had a small band of holdouts who insisted that the municipal election in Santo Domingo deserved the prize—because it was the most suprising. President Joaquín Balaguer's Reformist Party won control of the city—the only major race it lost in 1966, when Balaguer defeated Juan Bosch. The surprise is that Dr. Bosch has, so far, neglected to denounce the Reformist victory as the work of American sugar interests, the CIA or Satan.

As so often happens, a compromise satisfactory to all contenders was reached and the palm went to Dahomey, where the military government last week voided election results (because 75 per cent of the voters stayed home in a boycott) and announced it would seek "alternative means" of returning the nation to constitutional government.

University Bites Dog

Then all of a sudden the administrators of universities began to wise up. In Chicago, at the U thereof, sixty students seized the Administration Building and proceeded to fashion a world in their image, i.e. chaotic. The authorities were not for a moment seduced into dialogue with violence. They met it with its counterpart: the ultimatum, get out by 5 P.M. or be suspended, by 6 P.M. or be expelled. The upstarts took thought, and withdrew in ignominy, and the life of the mind can resume at that great university. The same response by alert academic officials wrought the same miracle at the University of Denver and, earlier, at Chicago's Roosevelt University.

In San Francisco about 200 students tried to establish residence in the Administration Building of San Francisco State College. Enthusiasm dwindled; the police arrived; nobody there but 27 chickens; whom the police arrested. Next case.

In Brooklyn, a few students tried to tie up the registrar's office in a cause they no doubt considered good. Nevertheless trespass is trespass. The police hauled 42 scholars off to the calaboose, and classes are meeting today at Brooklyn College.

At Columbia, agitator Mark Rudd and three of his coconspirators were suspended when they failed to keep an appointment with the dean (in connection with their five-day revolution in April). Within hours a couple of hundred students were again in possession of Hamilton Hall This time the administration did not wait five days tc call the cops. It told the boys and girls: out, or you're out By dawn of the next day a few hundred policemen hac arrested 191 trespassers, and one report had it that 44 students and a chaplain (whose side is God on?) had been injured. Also injured: thirteen policemen. And classes are meeting today at Columbia.

Any questions? Very well. Class dismissed.

To Drug or Not to Drug

Faced with a still small but exploding population of hard-drug addicts, the British have abandoned their much publicized system under which a user could get all the heroin he needed from any doctor. Now the addict must go to a "treatment center" for his weekly dose, and his name will be forwarded and kept on file in the Home Office. The reason for the change was an oversupply of heroin. Many doctors would prescribe more than their patients needed, and the surplus would be sold to others.

The treatment centers are supposed to put a stop to that, but there are fears that many addicts, reluctant to visit the centers and have their names listed, will turn to another source of supply: the international illicit drug market, which under the old dispensation was never able to gain a toehold in Britain. Backers of the system say the principle—that the addict is a sick man, not a criminal—remains the same. But by yanking the addict into public facilities, trying to cure him through the widely unsuccessful Methadone treatment and putting his name on a list in a London file, the government seems to be doing its best to drive him underground.

Notes & Asides

■ From the mailbag:

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THEODORE A. QUETS
Director, Label Department

New York Typographical Union No. 6
62 West 14th Street, New York 11, N.Y.
Bertram A. Powers, President.

Dear Mr. Quets:

When you grant your typographers the right to work without joining your organization, I will believe that you speak for them. Until then, I would no longer attach your label to a freeman's magazine, than I would display the emblem of a work-camp. Moreover, NATIONAL REVIEW would not want its public to think that it was in any way associated with an organization whose consideration for the public is measured by its willingness, during the past few years, to deprive it of all newspapers for a period of five months, and, finally, to force four newspapers into extinction. Perhaps you will, as Director, Label Department, communicate to other publications their option of putting a small "NR" on the corner of an inside page, to signify that a Brotherhood survives which hopes one day to be liberated from your monopolistic yoke. I thought you would appreciate having your attention called to this alternative.

Yours faithfully,
W.F.B. Jr.

■ Mr. Allen Drury has a new book, called *Preserve and Protect,* which will be published in the fall. The original publication date was October, in order to comply with the publishing schedule of *McCall's* Magazine, which had paid out fifty grand for the right to excerpt the novel in three installments beginning in September. But then, suddenly, the word came down that *McCall's* would not use the book. The decision was Mr. Norman Cousins', or so we are assured by Mr. Drury, who calls his source "absolutely reliable." It is unlikely that it would be any lesser being than Norman Cousins, who has top editorial say in the corporation that owns *McCall's* and the *Saturday Review*. Because no one short of the boss could toss away the fifty grand they are going to have to pay Mr. Drury just the same. Scandalous?

I have just begun to scandalize. A few years ago, *McCall's* made an earlier contract with Allen Drury, that time to serialize his novel *Capable of Honor*. That time, they paid one hundred thousand dollars. And then, suddenly, the editor, Mr. Robert Stein, refused to publish the book he had paid so very much money for. "I don't like its politics," he said: again, the source is Mr. Drury, and again he calls his source "absolutely reliable."

Quite understandably, Mr. Drury is wroth. There has never been any doubt among sophisticated readers that the *Saturday Review* is a journal of very emphatic opinions, all of them liberal (with here and there, though purely for embellishment, a tokenist dissent). But *McCall's* is supposed to be a general magazine of general circulation which isn't supposed to discriminate against such views as Mr. Drury expresses in his exciting political novels. The irony lies less in the pretentiousness of Mr. Cousins' declamations on free speech and broadmindedness and fair play under the circumstances, than in Mr. Cousins' militant personal contribution to the thesis of Mr. Drury's novels, namely that there is an establishment in America, that it is dominated by men of a particular political persuasion; and that they are capable of very high-handed activity. One thing you cannot say about them is that they are unwilling to pay to back up their bigotry.

■ The news of the death of Archbishop Cuthbert O'Gara has saddened us all. He had grown to a great age, but the intensity of his witness never flickered. He descended one time upon the lonely farmhouse of Whittaker Chambers, during the dark hours of the Hiss trial, and spoke to him all night long, about what he, and others, had endured in the torture chambers of Mao Tse-tung, and how right it was that Chambers, and a few others, should devote themselves fully to bringing on a public understanding of what was happening in China, and to what extent American ignorance, or duplicity, was responsible for it. You would see him every now and then, in the years that followed, at the public anti-Communist functions. He had grown small, and wizened. His face showed signs of torture. But his mind, like his heart, was alert to real human suffering, and, we have it from friends, he was that way when he died last week.

—WFB

Tilt!

We must give the government of this country back to the people, where it belongs —Bobby in California

The Earth, on her diurnal round,
Sees sights which startle and astound.
She's privy to Olympic chats
And landings on Mt. Ararats.
Nor does she, when the Nile's a mess,
Exhibit symptoms of distress
Since, terra firma-wise, a flood
Is merely water mixed with mud.
But Mother, who's seen *everything*
(From Burton to the Rites of Spring),
Developed an alarming jerk
When Bobby quoted Edmund Burke.

W. H. VON DREELE

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JAMES BURNHAM

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

At the news that the police were assembling on the campus nearby, the occupying garrison in Low Library locked and barricaded the doors. When the police contingent had drawn up before the building, an officer demanded entrance in customary legal terms. From inside came the chanted reply: "To the wall, motherfuckers!" "To the wall": that is, to the place of execution; the chant of the delirious followers of Castro and Che as the Enemies of the Revolution were paraded before them; embellished, at Columbia, by the favorite epithet of their rather aloof Black Power allies.

Traditional Marxism of both the reformist (socialist) and revolutionary (Communist) varieties has been doctrinaire and systematic. You were a "philosophical" Marxist because you believed in a doctrine set forth by Marx, Engels and their successors. You were a practicing socialist or Communist if you belonged to the party. For orthodox Communism the *definition* of "a revolutionary" was, and is: a disciplined member of the Communist Party. Doctrine and organization are logically prior to action.

The campus New Left reverses the traditional perspective. Starting from hints in Mao, and from the insights and example of Castro, Che, Frantz Fanon and Régis Debray, the New Left defines "a revolutionary" as one who performs revolutionary acts. "The revolution" becomes in its essence a matter of action, of feeling, sentiment. Noting this, we may trace the larger pattern of the New Left genealogy.

The New Left students are Romantics; we witness one more cycle in the eternal revolt of Romanticism against Classicism. The priority of sentiment, insight, will and action over reason, logic, custom and law is the universal mark of romanticism. The classicism against which our romantics revolt is, they feel, political in its primary manifestation: the bureaucratized power structure, within which the bureaucratized Old Left parties are themselves integrated. "The Communists are creeps," announced Daniel Cohn-Bendit, leader (for the moment) of the French students. Classifying Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Delacroix, Berlioz, Beethoven and their fellows as poets, painters and musicians, we often forget their passionate attachment to the political revolutions and liberation struggles of their era.

Stuffed Shirts for Pricking

The resemblances are plain enough also in the "life-styles." What are the hair, jeans, pot and all these insistent obscenities but ploys in the favorite romantic game, *épater le bourgeois*: shock —and implicate—the stuffed shirts? As for homely little Linda LeClair and her boy friend, with their grim determination to make a public scandal of their private life, aren't they just a grubby version of Shelley and Mary Godwin? Didn't Shelley, too, get himself fired out of college for inflammatory agitation?

It is hard, though, for a "movement" to run for long on sentiment and enthusiasm. It is compelled to seek a justifying doctrine and an organizational framework. The natural ideological tendency of the New Leftists is toward some sort of anarchism, anarcho-syndicalism or nihilism. When the bureaucratic power structure is overthrown, men will live together in the loving freedom of "participatory democracy," in which there will be neither leader nor led, neither victim nor executioner.

Carl Davidson of Students for a Democratic Society has articulated the campus doctrine. The universities are part of the power structure. They are assembly-line factories producing the know-how and the knowledgeable "bureaucratic men" that keep the system going. By wrecking the universities, the supply of know-how and knowledgeables will be shut off, the system will run down and the power structure will necessarily topple. "Participatory democracy" therefore means "to sabotage the knowledge factory machinery. . . . Its effort is disruptive in a total sense."

The New Left students are contemporary Luddites trying to smash the new machinery of production in this initial phase of the technological revolution, just as the original Luddites tried to smash the steam engines and spinning jennies of the initial phase of the industrial revolution. Let us note, further, that the original Luddite movement coincided with the high point of that earlier romanticism.

The Golden Years

Our New Left students, like university students everywhere, are of course not the wretched of the earth, but privileged and pampered *fils du papa*. Most of them are in it for kicks—slumming in the revolution as they went slumming a few years ago in the civil rights movement. Their romantic subjectivism permeates the long firsthand account of the Low Library occupation published by the *Harvard Crimson*. "As the evening wears on I feel less useful and more alienated. I wonder whether the Paris Commune was this boring. . . . At about 8:30 we hear that the cops are coming. We link arms and grit our teeth. . . . Our being here is the cause of an effect. We're trying to make it Good. . . . Patrol cars are arriving from all precincts. . . . I put vaseline on my face . . . hands and arms and legs above the socks and a cigarette filter in each nostril. We sang 'We Shall Not Be Moved' and realized that something is ending. At 4:00 A.M. the cops came in." In the New Left experience the coming of the cops is the orgasm. It is pure sadism for a university president to refuse to call them in.

(continues on p. 565)

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MR. POWELL'S BLOCKBUSTER

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO Britain had virtually no color problem at all: now she is within foreseeable distance of having a problem on the American scale. Throughout the latter Fifties and early Sixties West Indians, Indians and Pakistanis poured in unrestricted. They were all Commonwealth citizens, and the dream of a multiracial Commonwealth ranked second only to the United Nations as the favorite liberal illusion. So liberal Conservatives, no less than Socialists, cried "Shame!" at any suggestion that immigration ought to be checked.

But eventually it had to be checked. Immigrants must now have jobs to come to, and the granting of work permits has been reduced to a trickle. With each new immigrant, however, an average of some twelve dependents, real or alleged, are still being allowed in: and these are supplemented by a growing traffic in illegal immigrants.

Nor, of course, are the immigrants scattered evenly about the country. They are concentrated in a few industrial cities, and usually only in some districts of those cities. To walk down certain streets in London is like entering an African market. There are schools where, in a class of thirty children, only two or three are white.

This is the background of the events of the past few weeks. They really have presented the most extraordinary spectacle. Who would ever have expected to see a wave of strikes and demonstrations, and a long column of London dockers marching to the House of Commons, all in support of Enoch Powell, a former Conservative Cabinet Minister, a right-wing intellectual, well known for his skepticism about the whole concept of the welfare state and for his disapproval of labor unions?

As a matter of fact, Enoch Powell would. He has always believed—he once told me so himself—that the future of the Conservative Party lies, not with the middle classes, brainwashed as they have been by woolly liberalism, but with the commonsense working-class vote.

The immediate cause of these clamorous expressions of support was a speech which Mr. Powell made on race relations. The Labor Government had introduced a new bill extending the anti-discrimination laws to cover housing, employment and insurance, and increasing the penalties. The Conservatives were opposing it only in the most tentative manner. Mr. Powell deliberately broke away from the careful compromises of his colleagues.

In powerfully dramatic language he warned that by the year 2,000 about one-tenth of the population of the British Isles would be colored, that already the white people in some areas were desperately worried by the influx of colored immigrants, that integration was a delusion and that laws designed to forbid discrimination were merely "throwing a match on to gunpowder."

IMMEDIATELY a fearful howl went up from liberals everywhere, including those inside the Conservative Party. To appease them, Edward Heath, the Conservative leader, acted at once. He sacked Mr. Powell from his place in the party's "Shadow Cabinet."

It was this treatment of Mr. Powell, rather than the speech itself, which provoked such an explosion of popular feeling. Within a few days, he had received 100,000 letters, all save a tiny handful agreeing with him. Public opinion polls found over 80 per cent in his favor. The liberals were more appalled than ever. One Socialist member of Parliament went around muttering "Down with the proletariat!"

Mr. Powell's great crime in the eyes of his opponents, and his great merit in the eyes of his supporters, was that he spoke about the problem of race relations, the biggest of all sacred cows, frankly and without any obeisance to liberal convention, saying what a vast majority of ordinary people think.

He broke the rules. He stepped outside the consensus which prevails among the leaders of the main political parties. Whether or not such blunt speaking was conducive to racial harmony is debatable, but clearly a great many people found it immensely refreshing.

Their response shows how wide a gap now yawns between governors and governed, between grassroots opinion and the liberal orthodoxies which monopolize the political scene. People feel—and this, I'm sure, is no less true in America than in Britain—that the whole quality of their lives, the texture of society, is being changed without their consent, and they are helpless to do anything about it, since the politicians seem not to care.

Mr. Powell tapped this deep spring of frustration. Personally I rather regret that the subject of race, which stimulates such furious emotions and brings together such ill-assorted opinions, should be one on which Mr. Powell chose, or chanced, to launch his most spectacular assault against the smooth carapace of liberal orthodoxy. He has equally unconventional and perhaps more important things to say on a lot of other subjects. His uncompromising advocacy of a free economy is what really matters.

Amidst so much intellectual pap the rigor of his arguments often seems startling and his conclusions may be hard to accept. It does look, after all, as though you should be able to lessen racial tensions by making discrimination a legal offense. It does look as though powerful unions make the workers richer. It does look as though an official "income policy" would at least help to check inflation. But these are illusions, Mr. Powell says.

These heresies make the liberals very cross indeed. Because Mr. Powell's arguments are so strongly reasoned, his enemies have been reduced lately to deriding the whole idea that reason and logic ought to be determining factors in the creation of political policy. Before the current row, however, he had been making considerable progress inside his own party. What will happen now remains to be seen. His standing has doubtless been harmed among liberal Conservatives and among the party leaders, but it may be—and it would be a fine irony—that the rank-and-file of the party and large numbers of ordinary people throughout the country will be drawn towards his economic views for the quite irrelevant reason that they approve of his speech on race.

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COVER STORY

Are Dr. Spock et al. right in basing their opposition to the Vietnam war on Thoreau's 'Civil Disobedience'? Are the philosophical implications of civil disobedience, as Mr. Sanders believes, profoundly heretical?

MR. THOREAU'S TIMEBOMB

FREDERICK K. SANDERS

OUR MOST CONTEMPORARY writer, if we are to judge by certain news headlines of the past year, is Henry David Thoreau, a New England naturalist born two years after Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. To those who knew Thoreau, the conduct of his life was unique for its eccentricities; to those in our own time who know Thoreau's writings, the conduct of his life is unique for its salutary moral stance. A century after his death Thoreau exerts an influence that he never had during his life.

Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, a town which had been the scene of one of the earliest battles of the American Revolution. He graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty, having attained an education that was apparently more his own than Harvard's. In 1845 he went to Walden Pond near Concord and there built a hut for himself in which he lived for much of the next two years. During his stay at Walden he spent a night in jail for refusing to pay the poll tax; he later drew on this experience when he wrote his provocative essay "Civil Disobedience," which was published in 1849. He published *Walden* in 1854.

Thoreau knew and admired Emerson. He was acquainted with Bronson Alcott, who had spent his night in jail protesting the poll tax three years before Thoreau's own confinement. He met Walt Whitman. Near the end of his life he met John Brown and was stirred to write an impassioned essay about him.

Thoreau never married. He thought the living of his life should be a kind of poem, and so he did not belong to any profession in the usual sense of the word. For a while he tried teaching. When he gave that up he took what random jobs he could, including that of

shoveling manure. He worked in the family business of making pencils. He became an excellent surveyor. In all that he did he was fundamentally a man alone, by temperament given to the kind of rigorous independence that we like to think of as peculiarly American. For a very good reason the Thoreau we remember best is the Thoreau at Walden. There he most closely approximated the life he wanted to live, and he was able to write his great book about those years because he had lived that life. In the spring of 1862, shortly before his forty-fifth birthday, he died of tuberculosis.

At the time of his death his literary reputation was disappointingly small. Still, although he could not have known it, Thoreau had already secured with the publication of *Walden* the kind of immortality conferred by permanent inclusion in college textbooks. But if *Walden* got Thoreau into the academic community, "Civil Disobedience" got him out again, and with an impact that is still being felt across the world. If we read these two works with an eye not on some classroom assignment but on today's 6:30 news, we find Thoreau to be one of us, a man after a hundred years facing with the rest of us, and facing with surprising directness, the mid-twentieth-century agonies chronicled so efficiently by our own journalists. He might have been born only a few decades ago.

Walden alone offers dramatic evidence of the singular vision of this solitary observer. We all know, whether we admit it or not, that we live our lives at a price. In *Walden* Thoreau reminds us, cogently and persuasively, what that price is. His objections to the modes of living produced by our materialistic preoccupations are often our objections, though our own statements of them would lack the acid grace of his wit: "We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate." He surprises us with his prescient vision of conditions which, after a hundred years, have become an inextricable characteristic of human life:

> We belong to the community. It is not the tailor alone who is the ninth part of a man; it is as much the preacher, and the merchant, and the farmer. Where is this division of labor to end? and what object does it finally serve? No doubt another *may* also think for me; but it is not therefore desirable that he should do so to the exclusion of my thinking for myself.

He formulates definitions which illuminate larger meanings of the commonplace activities in which we all participate: "The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required

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to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run."

He expresses attitudes which appeal greatly to particular people in particular situations. On the older generation: "I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors." On inheritance: "I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of." On civil authority: "I was never molested by any person but those who represented the state." On indecorous language: "We discourse freely without shame of one form of sensuality, and are silent about another. We are so degraded that we cannot speak simply of the necessary functions of human nature." On the study of history: "A man will not need to study history to find out what is best for his own culture." On patriotism: "Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state. . . . Yet some can be patriotic who have no *self*-respect, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads."

Our flawed human existence, individual and collective, offers so many targets to a perceptive observer like Thoreau that, by a judicious selection from his writings, we can have him as an ally in a dozen particular battles which we may want to fight.

Cushioned by Circumstances

Thoreau has another importance, too. He does what his mentor, Emerson, does not bother to do: he goes to Walden and lives a paradigmatic demonstration of what self-reliance finally involves. He makes his protest against slavery and what he believes to be an unjust war by refusing to pay his tax, and—nonviolently, we would say—goes to jail for his civil disobedience. He thus provides a measure by which others may gauge the fullness of their commitments to their own ideals. One should note, as F. O. Matthiessen does in *American Renaissance,* that in these two decisive acts, the shock of both "was cushioned by his circumstances, since he could build his hut on land borrowed from Emerson, and friends saw to it that his tax was paid and so got him out of jail after one night." But the meaning of his acts still remains. Thoreau's words and his acts unite, and his values, fleshed in his conduct, seem all of whole cloth.

The lodestone pull of his moral commitment is his profound awareness that the integrity of the individual is won in a struggle with forces that would have a man be something other than what he is or ought to become. The struggle is perennial, but its intensity varies as the tone of life itself changes from one epoch to another. Thoreau, observing the human world around him, felt that the struggle was desperate in his own time. Over and over again he focuses on what he believes to be the essential human dignity: "Man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." He is annoyed by the cost, in human degradation, of material monuments:

> As for the Pyramids, there is nothing to wonder at in them so much as the fact that so many men could be found degraded enough to spend their lives constructing a tomb for some ambitious booby, whom it would have been wiser and manlier to have drowned in the Nile, and then given his body to the dogs. I might possibly invent some excuse for them and him, but I have no time for it.

He writes what now strikes the mind as a cliché, so much has the modern industrial society developed into exactly what he abhorred:

> Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to man; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine.

Out of this concern for the integrity of the individual—whether that individual is a beast of burden constructing a pyramid or a beast of burden in the modern economic order (both being presided over by governmental authority)—comes his great political essay, "Civil Disobedience."

Curiously enough, this most challenging of all Thoreau's writings for many years attracted little attention: if one reads the account of Thoreau in the fourteenth edition (1929) of the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* he will find there nothing to indicate that the essay even exists. But those who have read "Civil Disobedience" know its appeal. It offers to the individual what all individuals want to believe they can claim, just in case: a weapon by which a man can act singly and immediately (without waiting for the sluggish legal machinery to adjust, too late, to the moral exigencies of daily events) to protest those matters which he finds morally intolerable. It offers reassurance to the individual who finds himself alone in his protest: "Any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already." It affirms the necessity of civil disobedience if others are caused to suffer because of unjust civil ordinances: "If it [the injustice] is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law."

The essay had a significant influence on Gandhi and his Satyagraha movement early in the twentieth century, and in the last ten years it has become the central justification for nonviolent protest in the civil rights movement in this country. As Matthiessen shrewdly wrote at a time (1941) when he could have known about Gandhi but not Martin Luther King, Thoreau's "vitality as a revolutionary is still unexhausted." So convincing is the moral force of the essay that even Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., in *The Age of Jackson,* finds himself saying, finally, as if in grudging admiration: "The writings and life of Thoreau presented democracy with a profound moral challenge."

It is essential, therefore, to discover exactly what Thoreau does say in "Civil Disobedience." First of all, he makes it clear that not everything of which one might disapprove is worth protesting: "If the injustice is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government, let it go, let it go: perchance it will wear smooth—certainly the machine will wear out." He is willing to submit to legal authority if at all possible; if, that is, the transgressions of the government against the dignity of the individual are not inordinately brutal: "I seek rather, I may say, even an excuse for conforming to the laws of the land. I am but too ready to conform to them." But the incontrovertible fact about government is that it is after all flawed, and so one's submission to it has to be provisional and qualified:

> The authority of government, even such as I am willing to submit to—for I will cheerfully obey those who know and can do better than I, and in many things even those who neither know nor can do so well—is still an impure one: to be strictly just, it must have the sanction and consent of the governed. It

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> can have no pure right over my person and property but what I concede to it.

Since the authority of government is "impure," the larger the government authority, the larger the contamination. Therefore, "that government is best which governs least"; or to take the motto further as Thoreau does, "that government is best which governs not at all." Yet even if the latter condition existed, there would still be the problem implicit in "the consent of the governed" (a notion which Thoreau approves of): the problem of majority rule.

Majority opinion on anything is not likely to be a proper guide for right conduct:

> There is but little virtue in the action of masses of men. When the majority shall at length vote for the abolition of slavery, it will be because they are indifferent to slavery, or because there is but little slavery left to be abolished by their vote.

As for voting, its efficacy is often more illusory than real:

> I cast my vote, perchance, as I think right; but I am not vitally concerned that the right should prevail. I am willing to leave it to the majority. Its obligation, therefore, never exceeds that of expediency. Even voting *for the right* is *doing* nothing for it. It is only expressing to men feebly your desire that it should prevail. A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority.

What is the majority after all except the tyrannous force nurtured by democratic processes? Why does the majority rule?

> . . . not because they are most likely to be right, nor because this seems fairest to the minority, but because they are physically the strongest. But a government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as far as men understand it.

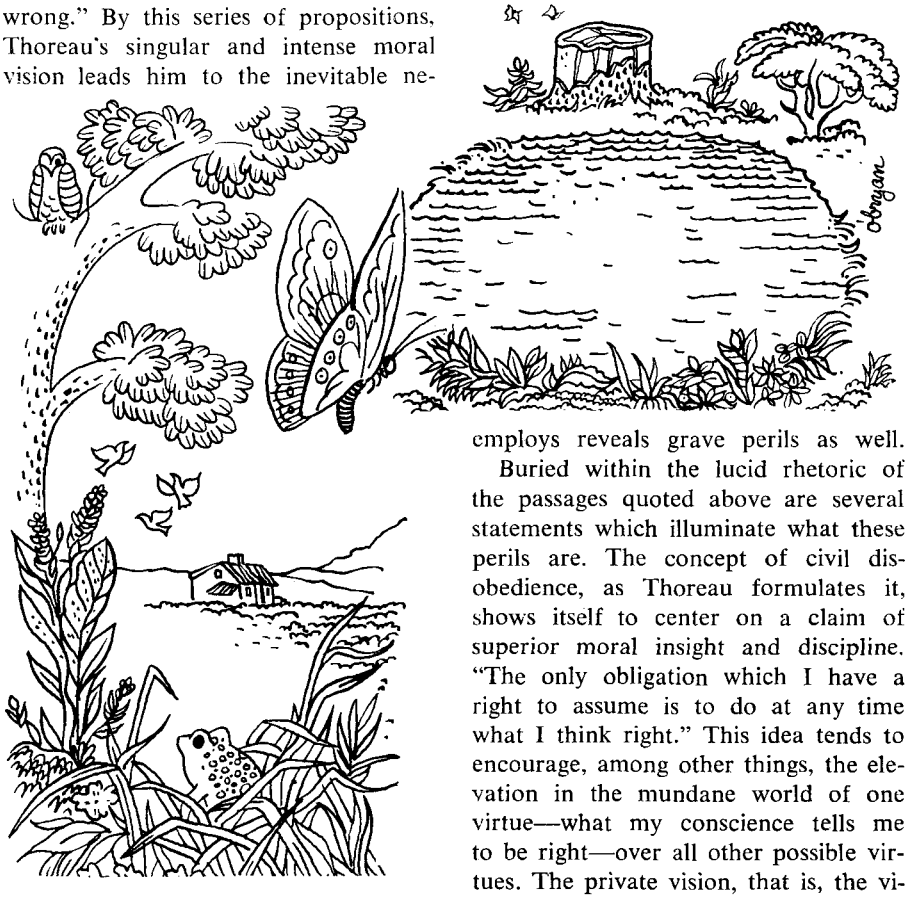
Therefore an individual may be morally compelled to refuse to do what governmental authority would require him to do, since to conform would be a violation of the deepest commitments to conscience.

> Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not so desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right.

Now when a man's conscience does collide with the values expressed in the policies and conduct of the majority in implementing its will, that man cannot, for his conscience's sake, simply look the other way:

> It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous, wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support.

He protests by refusing to give the government that practical support (i.e., taxes) which the government requires. After all, "A man has not everything to do, but something; and because he cannot do *everything*, it is not necessary that he should do *something* wrong." By this series of propositions, Thoreau's singular and intense moral vision leads him to the inevitable necessity, when government policy becomes morally intolerable in his view, of civil disobedience.



The implications of this concept are far-reaching and complex. Indeed they are more complex now than when Thoreau wrote his essay, since we inhabit a world which includes in its moral history the Nuremberg Trials. We now know that the leaders of a people who lose a war may suffer the highest punishment at the hands of the victors because of an earlier failure to take the stance of civil disobedience. (Saying this in no way mitigates the specific brutalities of Nazi policies. It is the unprecedented principle born at the Nuremberg Trials that promises the dangers Churchill so accurately perceived when he said to General Ismay: "You and I must take care not to be on the losing side next time.") The machinery of law, normally used to restrict civil disobedience, may be used *ex post facto* to require it. The profound challenge has enlarged, and the enticing appeal of Thoreau's view continues to attract followers who use civil disobedience as a strategy by which to gain their own particular goals. That the strategy can achieve a measure of success is evident; it does have its uses. But the very reasoning that Thoreau employs reveals grave perils as well.

Buried within the lucid rhetoric of the passages quoted above are several statements which illuminate what these perils are. The concept of civil disobedience, as Thoreau formulates it, shows itself to center on a claim of superior moral insight and discipline. "The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right." This idea tends to encourage, among other things, the elevation in the mundane world of one virtue—what my conscience tells me to be right—over all other possible virtues. The private vision, that is, the vision which claims to be autonomous and exempt from the contingent realities of civic life, is the essential moral reality.

The truth is that frequently the moral claims of one virtue come into an immediate conflict with the moral claims of another, and "what I think right" as a private citizen may or may not provide a morally satisfactory public solution. Even in a community of saints the guarantees of the First and Sixth constitutional Amendments may not be

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able to exist simultaneously without some temporary abridgement of one or the other—the First Amendment assuring the right of freedom of speech and of the press, the Sixth guaranteeing the right of a fair trial by an impartial jury. If only the private vision obtains and if every private vision can claim to be quite as significant as every other, then the public experience will be filled perpetually with conflicting individual commitments and uncertain procedures by which the people can determine priorities. For there are always those whose conscience tells them now this, now that is "the right," responding with chameleon-like inevitability to every shadow on the moral landscape.

The matter is only complicated when Thoreau writes: "It is not so desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right." What is "the right"? One cannot find out from a consensual opinion of "the majority." Thoreau has already disclaimed the validity of a majority view on almost anything. The right must be "what I think right." Suppose, then, that "what *I* think right" does in fact become accepted by an entire population, its efficacy being satisfactorily proven in the pragmatic world. How do "I" or the people secure the continuity of "what I think right"? How much has the weakening of "a respect for the law" enfeebled the chances of preserving the precise values to which the population is now so properly committed?

"Somewhat Military . . ."

But more than this, how does one go about achieving "the right" in the first place? Here Thoreau reveals, perhaps inadvertently, the substance of that attitude which broke the surface in his remarks about the Pyramids. "A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority." The wise man would be qualitatively different from the majority because of his wisdom, and presumably the majority, when it has finished utilizing its power in the name of "the right," will have left it sullied and compromised. What about the first part of the sentence, though? "*Will* not," rather than *may* or even *should* not, "leave the right to the mercy of chance." He will do something about it, then. Guarantee it? Use what coercion is necessary to impose it?

If by "chance" Thoreau means the condition that exists when one can no longer promise that his influence, direct or indirect, will produce the circumstances which he wants to prevail, then surely many things, including some important things, that an individual believes ought to be "the right" will be left to chance. Even in the blood relationships in which human responsibilities are felt most spontaneously and instinctively, there are limits to the control a man can realistically and properly impose on a situation, as that wisest of modern novelists, James Joyce, understood very well. One thinks of Leopold Bloom just after reading a letter from his daughter Milly, in which she tells of a young man she is seeing:

> Then he read the letter again: twice.
>
> O well: she knows how to mind herself. But if not? No, nothing has happened. Of course it might. Wait in any case till it does. A wild piece of goods. Her slim legs running up the staircase. Destiny. Ripening now. Vain: very.
>
> He smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window. Day I caught her in the street pinching her cheeks to make them red. Anemic a little. Was given milk too long. . . .
>
> *Those girls, those girls,*
> *Those lovely seaside girls.*
>
> Milly too. Young kisses; the first. . . .
>
> A soft qualm regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed, kissing kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Bloom realizes that Milly might be seduced, knows that if he tries to bring her home under his wing he is likely to lose her, knows further that if he does nothing she may suffer grievously, and understands that he must accept, compassionately, her freedom to live her own risks, at the mercy of chance. Here Bloom is a wise man, and the quality of his wisdom has its relevance to public as well as familial experiences. But not to Thoreau's wise man.

Still, Thoreau does not appear to mean that what he does say is to be taken with literal exactness either: that rather than leaving "the right" to chance, one does what is necessary to impose it. His own example indicates that he means the individual does what he must to square his own conduct with his conscience, regardless of what other people do and without trying to determine for them what they should do. Nevertheless the tone of his statement suggests something else. Thoreau was not inclined to force himself on other people, but the nature of his temperament seems very like that of the kind of man who would force himself on other people. There is an authoritarian, even dictatorial, quality about him that shows itself in the condescending impatience with which he regards people who do not share his rigorous ideals. Emerson noted just this characteristic in his famous eulogy to Thoreau: "There was somewhat military in his nature, not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition." Had Milly been Thoreau's daughter, she might have provoked him to write a fascinating essay, but she probably would not have found in him much sympathy.

Outside the City

Now we can begin to see the deeper problems raised by "Civil Disobedience." Thoreau's moral position illustrates what the sociologist Max Weber would have called the "ethics of intention." A man committed to the "ethics of intention" believes that he is obliged only to be morally "right," no matter what the cost. He is concerned solely with preserving the purity of his moral position and with inspiring in other people a certain moral attitude. However clear it might be that his moral commitment would have the most destructive consequences imaginable for himself as well as other people, he would not be moved to alter his moral position.* In short he is a man who would write, as Thoreau does, "This people must cease to hold slaves, and to make war on Mexico, though it cost them their existence as a people."

If we use the jargon of our own day, we would call Thoreau's moral position that of a totalist. The totalist's call for drawing the line just here on this or that moral issue, there to seek an apocalyptic solution such as Thoreau invokes, puts off not simply those people who are morally obtuse, but also those who believe there is always a complex of values to sustain, if possible. Whereas an apocalyptic struggle may at some time be necessary, a nation still should be reluctant to put everything on the line unless everything —that is to say, unless that irreducible

*See Leo Strauss, *National Right and History* (Chicago, 1953), p. 69.

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minimum number of commitments to what Garry Wills calls the sacred things by which a people defines its identity —is directly or implicitly at stake. Thoreau would say that now (1849; perhaps he would also say 1968) is such a time. But others, remembering the families like Leopold Bloom's, the distance between abstractions and the human experience of any values whatsoever, as well as the truth that the mercy of chance can offer not only disaster but fulfillment, would contemplate the likelihood that protest grounded in the absolute authority of a private vision, even if it successfully ended both slavery and the Mexican War, might change far more than just those policies alone and at such a cost that one would have to regard the whole enterprise as a venture in irresponsibility. (A person with such an attitude does not have to approve of slavery or the Mexican War, needless to say.)

But, it may be objected, Thoreau is talking about an ideal moral commitment, and it is not very difficult to show that a rigorous idealism, when measured against experienced human reality, may be freighted with complex implications which would engender harm as well as good. Dostoyevsky, in writing of his Grand Inquisitor, does exactly this with the teachings of Christ. Very true. One contrasts the ideal with the real, then, not to belabor the obvious difference between the two, but rather to understand better the extent to which the ideal does or does not derive from a recognition of the vital congeries of primal human relationships.

Let us understand clearly what such a contrast reveals about Thoreau's essay: Thoreau omits from "Civil Disobedience" the essential context for human life of the human community. I do not mean by "human community" the family of man in any generalized sense. Rather, I mean approximately what Plato and Aristotle meant by *the city*. Leo Strauss, in *Natural Right and History*, provides an excellent description of what the Greek philosophers called *the city* and what I call the *human community*: "A city is a community commensurate with man's natural powers of firsthand or direct knowledge. It is a community which can be taken in in one view, or in which a mature man can find his bearings through his own observation, without having to rely habitually on indirect information in matters of vital importance. . . . Just as man's natural power of firsthand knowledge, so his power of love or of active concern, is by nature limited; *the limits of the city coincide with the range of man's active concern for non-anonymous individuals* [italics added]."

The human community (or "city"), then, embraces all the primal human relationships. It is, after the family, the essential setting for the human drama; its hallmark is the direct knowledge of the tentative reaches of human experience that it makes available. In it men recognize Bloom, Milly, and her would-be seducer as substantive individual realities; it thus provides a communal awareness by which men can define the various meanings of human experience. Its order requires men to understand that rights derive from obligations fulfilled. It affirms the Aristotelian principle that man is by nature a social animal. Life in the human community disciplines a man, matures him, humanizes him. As Leo Strauss observes, speaking of the Greeks: "Man cannot reach his perfection except in society or, more precisely, in civil society."

Back to Rousseau

This concept of the importance of the human community is not at all foreign to the political history of the United States. When the Founding Fathers agonize over a system of checks and balances and over the distribution of power and authority in the new government, they acknowledge more than the importance of securing various freedoms for the people. They affirm that it is the human community which nurtures in the individual an understanding of duties and responsibilities (because it is difficult for a man to be unaware of the consequences of his actions if he lives among non-anonymous individuals), and that if the human community is deprived of meaningful power and authority within the boundaries of its own existence, its influence in the education of a man to a sense of civil responsibility (one aspect of the perfecting of his human nature) atrophies.

The antecedents of Thoreau's thought certainly are not to be found in the Philadelphia Convention of 1787. With his inclination to ignore the idea of the essential value of the human community and to regard that community as an obstacle to personal moral fulfillment, Thoreau places himself in a different political tradition, a tradition for which the most prominent spokesman is Jean Jacques Rousseau. The link between Thoreau's political ideas and Rousseau's is curious and striking—the American of French ancestry looking back not to Jefferson or John Adams but to the anarchic eighteenth-century Frenchman.

We are so accustomed to accepting Thoreau as uniquely American that perhaps the best way to avoid the risk of a provincial American judgment of Rousseau is to consider what a contemporary Frenchman says about his older countryman. In *Scholasticism and Politics* Jacques Maritain writes that political order requires some distribution, among its citizens, of *authority* and *power*. Maritain defines *authority* as the right to direct, command, and require obedience. *Power* is the force one can use to compel others to obey. To sepa-

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rate authority from power, or power from authority, is to make a monstrosity of political and civic life.

Then Maritain defines the significant characteristics of Rousseau's influence: "Democracy, conceived in the manner of Rousseau, *suppresses authority and preserves power*. It is this type of Democracy which for almost two centuries now has prevailed in the ideology of Western peoples. One may call it liberal or bourgeois democracy, or masked anarchic democracy. Its root proper is in the following principle: since each individual, as Rousseau tells us, is 'born free' (it is clear that each individual is born endowed with *free will*, but it is evidently not the latter which interests Rousseau; he is equivocal as to the word 'free,' and means a certain condition of existence, a freedom of independence) —since every individual is born free, his dignity demands that he should *obey only himself* [all italics are Maritain's, but I wish particularly to emphasize these three words]. Naturally, as everything immediately gets out of order, and as one must live all the same, and as, moreover, the bourgeois class needs order so that it may prosper in business, the dialectic of this democracy leads to the formula of the *Social Contract*: 'to find a form of association . . . through which every man, united with all others, should nevertheless obey only himself and remain as free as before'."

All or Nothing at All

The rhetorical glamor of such phrases as "obey only himself and remain as free as before" keeps from immediate sight the ultimate consequences of this mode of thinking. But the consequences are there, as Maritain explains: "This formula inevitably leads to the myth of the General Will, in which the will of each is mystically annihilated in order to arise transfigured: to the myth of Law as the expression of Number, and not of reason and justice; to the myth of authority considered, not only as coming from the multitude, but as the proper and inalienable attribute of the multitude; and, finally, this formula leads to totalitarian dictatorship."

In other words, the consequences are extremes of the very conditions that Thoreau protests against. Yet he invites these consequences. To insist that an individual is obliged to do only what he thinks right is to separate, finally, power and authority in the public world. Sooner or later someone, or some group, will do whatever is necessary to put power and authority back together again, and will end up claiming the substance of authority through power rather than the substance of power through authority.

The relationship of human beings to government, as Rousseau formulates it and Thoreau redefines it, results in a radical polarization with the individual at one end and the state at the other. There are no medial human relationships of significance. Now, the human community is precisely the bulwark which impedes that polarization. This is why it is not at all clear that our society can afford to operate on the assumption that the human community, its integrity (*integritas;* wholeness) and its order which shores up the primal human relationships, are optional. Plato and Aristotle would have rejected such an assumption, as would the Founding Fathers have done.

One misses the point if he insists that after all the specific complaints about politics raised by Thoreau have a certain validity. Of course many of the complaints are valid. People tend to debase themselves and their institutions, and ideals always war against realities. The human community is no paradise; like every family, every human community has its own horror stories. But an industrious researcher can match a catalogue of the local horrors of any specific human community with an equally impressive catalogue of the bureaucratic perversities of an obese central government.

Faced with two badly flawed human organizations and thus thrown back on the purity of his private moral vision, the individual, according to Thoreau, should use civil disobedience to locate an Archimedean point of leverage from which to nudge, at whatever cost, the public order at any and all levels into a desired moral posture. Soon the line of resistance is drawn, the individual having his moral imperative to do only what his conscience tells him is right, the government having its legal imperative to maintain order. In such a cosmic battle the human community becomes unimportant except as a possible battleground. If the government does not manifestly redeem itself when faced with persistent civil disobedience, a different point of leverage must be sought, and recent events suggest that the new locus tends to be found in disruptive mass protests.

The cost to the human community then increases geometrically, but of course in terms of "Civil Disobedience" that does not matter. But it may matter very much, ultimately, for the real cost will not show in newspaper statistics of losses of life and property or even in the bitter feelings that may linger in the community. Instead it will show in what happens in the course of time, as Maritain foresees it, to the very quality of life itself for all the inhabitants of the human community. That cost can be too high.

What About the Context?

To a stern moralist like the author of "Civil Disobedience," the attitude described above is shamefully equivocal. Thoreau writes: "I do not wish to split hairs, to make fine distinctions. . . ." This accounts for much of the urgency and intensity of his essay, for its force would dissipate if he attempted to balance moral duty with pragmatic necessity. It also accounts for what is most hazardous about his arguments. The individual finds in Thoreau a profoundly moving call for the essential importance of independent moral commitment, even if that commitment place one in opposition to the weighted bureaucratic authority of one's government, and at the same time discovers that the discriminations he is called on to make need not complicate themselves beyond the singular issue which provokes his moral outrage. Anyone whose life is less arduously self-disciplined than Thoreau's will find this a heady offering indeed. For the larger context in which Thoreau's ideas must be placed contains more meaning than Thoreau himself admits into his discussion.

Thoreau's great contribution is to be found in *Walden*. As a critic of a secular society in which people tend to place an inordinate value on things, he strikes hard at the deceptive promises of a strident materialism. Every man seeks a Walden to which he can retreat to sort out the meanings of the life he lives. Free from the cornucopia of skilfully merchandised products which are constantly thrust at him, a man, if he lives by "dead reckoning" for a while, may find a different perspective, a deeper significance for his life. What first was a lake outside a

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small New England town and then a book becomes at last a symbol of an essential human need.

"Civil Disobedience," on the other hand, is not a symbol but a symptom. In order to understand this distinction, one must take a long view of history. The landslip which occurred in the Renaissance effectively dislocated many of the arrangements that had previously nurtured human life and produced, among other things, a shift of emphasis from the civic to the personal, from the public order to the private world of the individual. The rending begun then continues, and "Civil Disobedience" is a late symptom of the durable appeal of this aspect of our Renaissance heritage. That the principles articulated in "Civil Disobedience" have such authoritative influence today indicates the extent to which our discontents of the 1960s are but a later symptom of the same process, and may be taken as one measure of how confused our understanding of personal and public responsibilities has become.

For we act as if what meaning there is to human life is to be found almost exclusively in the private, even isolated, world of the individual. We are profoundly suspicious of the public organizations, public experiences, public obligations which impinge on the sanctity of the individual's inner convictions. This suspicion has spread like a stain through the very fabric of society, a condition dramatically confirmed by increasing, and increasingly disruptive, protests.

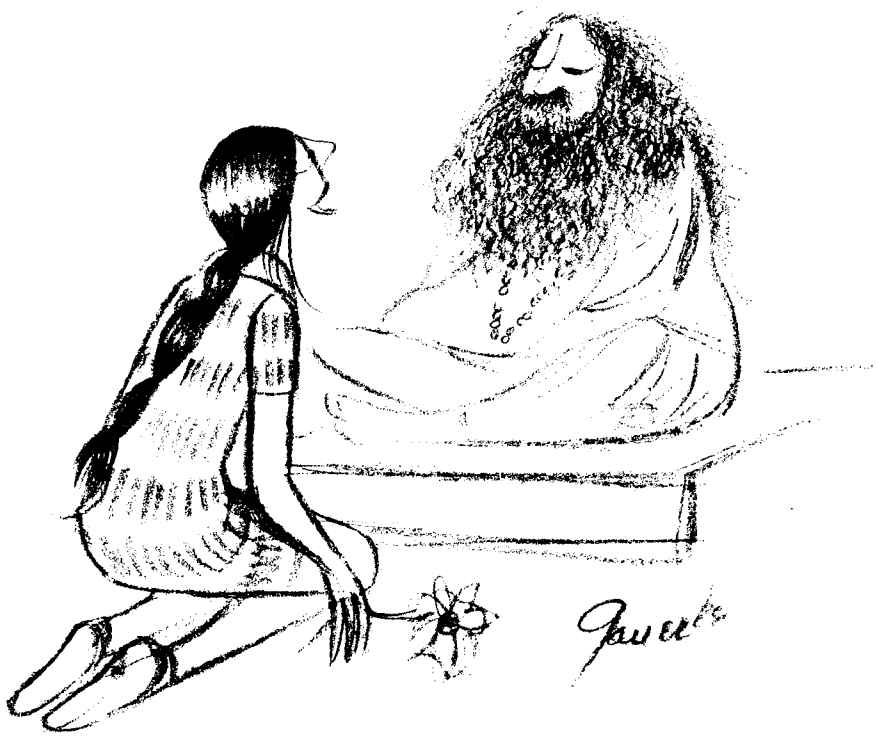
Yet it would be a facile but absurd philistinism to argue that those who protest for civil rights, against the Vietnam war, against what is judged to be affluent squalor, exhibit some maculation from which those who do not protest are exempt. We are talking not about categories of people but about what has become a very pervasive way of seeing the world and human society in that world. The point is that when by personal, business, and legislative conduct we devalue the significance of the human community, we devalue something that from the beginning of Western civilization has been regarded as essential to the full maturing of a person's *human* nature. This devaluation is really what Thoreau asks for in his interpretation of personal moral conduct.

For Thoreau does not say simply that an individual may have to turn to civil disobedience as an act of conscience when clearly no alternatives are available. What he finally argues, in effect, is that once an individual's conscience has "spoken" of the need for civil disobedience as an instrument of protest for change, *no alternatives are necessary*. There is no moral reason for repudiating civil disobedience because, *ipso facto*, self-legislation (the pragmatic result of civil disobedience) becomes the highest moral imperative. What then weakens is the concept that a man must always balance his own intense commitments against the *right* of other men to choose different commitments, to choose to reject *his* commitments if they wish, without being arbitrarily obstructed from the pursuit of their own interests by whatever imperious private "legislator" happens to seek a different arrangement. In other words, what weakens is the concept on which the order of the human community depends.

No Neighbor, No Love

Thus the essay reveals itself to be a recrudescence of an old heresy that has dogged the West for hundreds of years. The moral significance of human life, we must remember, is not defined solely by the relationship of an individual to his own conscience however formed or informed. The second great commandment of Christ—to love thy neighbor as thyself—points to the crucial moral dimension inherent in the human community, for the commandment is, of course, irrelevant unless one has neighbors. But Thoreau apprehended only imperfectly the sense, implicit in that commandment, in which the order of the human community ultimately has metaphysical importance precisely because that order is so irrefragably linked with an individual's confrontation of his inner self: the first essential stage of that greater confrontation of the individual and the Divine.

Many admirers of Thoreau believe that Thoreau the man redeems everything: he was neither an organizer nor a joiner, and his own civil disobedience, hardly what one would call obstructive, was, above all, personal. But surely it is possible, and essential, to distinguish between the appeal of the man and the limitations of his ideas. Now would seem to be a good time to attempt such a distinction, for the philosophical implications of "Civil Disobedience" are profoundly heretical in a way that must concern us all. □



"You're very wise for your age. No one would ever guess you're over thirty."

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AFTERMATH OF COLUMBIA

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

TAD CRAWFORD

CONTEMPORARY egalitarianism has given rise to a new and peculiar revolutionary—the student nihilist. Acting on the premise that students and faculty should be equals within the educational community, the new revolutionaries condemn the traditional faculty-administration controlled American university and call for its destruction. Then, from the ashes of the old system, the phoenix of learning would be reborn across the country in student-controlled universities in the Latin American mold.

At Columbia the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) spoke to many issues, by now familiar to all. Each issue in turn was seized upon to gain either support or momentum and then relegated to the background as a new issue replaced it. And this, indeed, was proper, for these demands were important only in the formal sense that they symbolized SDS' confrontation with the administration, trustees, faculty, fellow students and the police. It was Mark Rudd, the leader of the SDS, who delineated the real issue when he said, "We are going to take this university over."

Most of the student demonstrators, however, while committing acts which could have had revolutionary consequences, were not revolutionaries. They had been attracted by the SDS. But they did not hope to destroy the structure of society at large nor to destroy the traditional American university structure. Indeed if, instead of limited, substantive, policy changes being granted, the traditional American university structure present at Columbia were to cease to exist, the demonstrators themselves would be among those most shocked at what their leaders had done.

The strangest and most chilling event of the entire insurrection occurred early Tuesday morning of the second week. When the police were called into the campus to enforce the criminal law, the laws of the university ceased to exist. They had been dissolved by force —by the demonstrators who had rendered them unenforceable and the police who had made adherence to larger laws the governing force within the university. And some students on campus that night realized with a shock the meaning of anarchy.

Nonetheless SDS gained by the police action. Disturbed by the realization that a professional police action involves violence, many students and professors although basically opposed to SDS lent their support to the strike. By the allegation of police brutality, an issue until that point of no significance, SDS was able to generate sufficient sympathy on campus to continue, by a strike this time, the disruption they had begun by a sit-in. The strike pretty well immobilized the campus for the second week but by last week it was petering out as more and more students—particularly in the graduate schools—returned to the classroom to prepare for Final Exams.

Unfortunately for SDS and the revolutionary element among the demonstrators, it still seems highly unlikely that we will see a student-run Columbia in the near future. The vast majority of the students are, in SDS terms, apathetic. Not only do they prefer attending classes to disrupting them but when substantive reform becomes easier to accomplish within the system, the radical structural proposals of SDS will quickly alienate former allies. A good indication of this is the student referendum held during the first week of the strike in which the vote was 4,093 to 1,433 against continuing construction of the gym in Morningside Heights Park; 4,465 to 1,074 in favor of a tripartite judicial committee, but 4,124 to 1,325 against the tactics employed by SDS.

Trouble Ahead for SDS

What is emerging out of the Columbia chaos is a fluid situation in which certain changes will come about. These changes, however, will be accomplished by people speaking to the issue of where power should reside in the university, not the issue of whether the university should continue to exist. The SDS-led strike quickly disintegrated as a force for university change because it lacked positive programs. A twelve-member Executive Faculty Committee will propose whatever structural changes it deems necessary to the trustees. The result of this will undoubtedly be a flow of power from the administration and the trustees to the faculty and, to some extent, to the students.

This transfer of power to the faculty will hurt the SDS. Its members will be placed in the peculiar position of revolutionaries who, instead of destroying the old society, make it more viable. It will prove far more difficult for SDS to agitate against a faculty-oriented power structure than against the former administration-oriented power structure.

So SDS denied power, will soon revolt again, not only at Columbia but at campuses across the country. A continual struggle will take place between radical students and administrations or, where faculties control, between radical students and faculties. Polarizations of political beliefs will be generated as students primarily concerned with their education find themselves forced to enter political power-struggles to preserve the educational integrity of their university. And, on many campuses, the quality of education will be diminished by incessant and distracting agitation.

What, then, can be done? Administrations and faculties must affirm the absolute right of students to attend classes at all times. Any act by any student group which threatens this right must be dealt with promptly and harshly. Yet firmness in dealing with disrupters is not enough. Administrations which hold power must become more flexible in terms of letting power flow to the faculty, the group best-equipped to deal with campus issues.

Columbia is a symbol. If the administration gives no power to the faculty or if the faculty, once given power, fails to exercise it, SDS may well triumph and, as in Latin America, the university will be transformed into a student controlled anti-university where politics predominate over instruction. If the faculty rises to the challenge, the university may become not only a symbol but a model for a successful university power equation. In such a new equation may well rest the key to stability within the traditional structure of the American university. □

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ISRAEL

The Soviet Union is using Vietnam as a smokescreen to cover its penetration of the Middle East. Unless we understand this, says the author, we cannot forge a meaningful peace in Paris or anywhere else

THE MIDDLE EASTERN VIETNAM?

ROMAN BRACKMAN

THE AGONY of our experience in Vietnam and the perilously explosive situation which exists in the Middle East have their roots in our inability to recognize the essence and source of the present danger. The fallacy of our foreign policy lies in our persistent evasion of the fact that our adversary is none other than the Soviet Union. Understandably disturbed by the frightening prospect of direct encounter with that formidable enemy, we are buying psychological solace through a kind of "whipping boy"—and Red China is our favored target for venting our frustrations. This in turn leads us to the second widespread fallacy, that Vietnam and the Middle East are two separate conflicts, managed independently from Peking and Moscow respectively.

That belief creates in consequence a chain reaction of other fallacies, the most prominent of which is the constantly-hinted possibility of a *quid pro quo* horse-trade, involving Vietnam and the Middle East—a game which presumably could go either way, depending on the relative strength of the supporters of opposing points of view in American public opinion. The irony of such delusion lies in the supposition that we would be dealing with the Soviets at the expense of China, while actually the Soviets would single-handedly manipulate the trade, raising the stakes at will in their reach for the ultimate price, which would eventually include both Southeast Asia and the Middle East.

What are the stakes of Hanoi, Peking, Moscow, and Cairo, in the contemporary contest? They are complex, but nevertheless deducible, at least for analytical purposes. These are multiple local discords of an ideological, nationalistic and economic kind, which are not all the creations of Moscow or Peking: they exist independent of external instigation. However, when utilized and purposely intensified by a great power, they outgrow in implication their local significance, and more often than not finally lose their original relevance.

Armageddon Is Invoked

So it happened with Vietnam and with the Middle East. Driven by the glorious vision of a strong Communist state in Indochina, Ho Chi Minh, or Uncle Ho, began his life-long crusade to conquer and unite under his leadership 250 million people, living in the area where ten separate states now exist. Striving to be the Stalin of Indochina, he ambitiously toyed with the role of leader of a kind of third force in the Communist world. A long-time agent of the Comintern, Uncle Ho has never been able to match the achievements of his old master, Father Joe. At 77, he is as far from attaining his goal as ever, and his desperation is matched only by his frustration.

The Moscow policy in Indochina zigzagged and fluctuated over the years. Stalin never paid it much attention, being too preoccupied with European power politics. After his death, his heirs were in anxious search of a *modus vivendi* with the West, trying first to put their own house in order, which had been shaken by ferment and revolts in Berlin, Hungary and Poland, and by an internal jockeying for power. The Geneva Agreements of 1954 which gave the Soviets a needed respite after the shock of Stalin's death, were forced on Ho Chi Minh—he acquiesced against his better judgment. Without Moscow's help, he would not have been able to afford continued fighting. He settled for less—but not for long. By 1959, Khrushchev had succeeded in destroying his rivals; increasingly, he turned his attention abroad in a resolute search for dramatic victories to boost the prestige of his leadership. He asserted that a shift in Soviet favor had occurred in the balance of world power. Was this claim on his part a bluff, or wishful thinking? Probably a little of both. He now revealed to the world his theory of "Wars of National Liberation." It is imperative to understand the main points of his new concept. First, the theory rejects as an "outdated notion" war between states; in the world of nuclear weapons, such war becomes "unthinkable" because it might draw in major powers and lead to Armageddon. Instead, "just" wars are to be waged by "people" against their native or "imperialist oppressors." Imperialist powers —meaning chiefly the United States— would be neutralized by paralyzing fear of Soviet retaliation, should they attempt to interfere. Yet, if such intervention did occur, direct confrontation with the Soviet Union must be avoided at all cost in order not to undermine "peaceful coexistence." This is the second rule of the theory of "Wars of National Liberation," in fact, its quintessence. If anything, it reflects not the altruistic devotion of Moscow to peaceful coexistence, but a sober realization of the preponderance of American power.

Indochina was destined to become the first battleground where the new theory had to be tested. One consideration heavily influenced Moscow's choice: by 1959, the Chinese-Soviet dispute had broken into the open and was obviously shaping not into a quarrel over obscure ideological divergences,

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but rather, into a direct clash between conflicting national interests. Strong, independent and historically anti-Chinese Southeast Asia offered the Soviets a unique opportunity to acquire an ally and a political and military lever against the Chinese threat. An old Moscow hand, Ho was the ideal man for that purpose. He went to Moscow to meet Khrushchev and to strike a deal. Since that time, Ho has sided with Moscow on all ideological and political issues *vis-à-vis* China, and in return Moscow underwrote his plan for expansion, first in Laos and then in South Vietnam.

What was the original rationale behind this Moscow adventure? Several possibilities had been in the offing:

In case of American retreat and the collapse of South Vietnam's resistance, there would be practically no stopping Communist advances in Southeast Asia, and at a later stage even beyond it. Conceivably, China might even be given a slice of Asian cake, thus encouraging a permanent peace with her at the expense of someone else's real estate. The prospect of America deciding to stay and defend Vietnam did not appear unattractive either. This would create a perfect set-up for bleeding Uncle Sam, using North Vietnamese manpower. It would be a classic example of a "War of National Liberation;" the Soviets could test their arms yet not endanger their own security, for direct confrontation with the United States would be avoided. The real "killing" could be in some other place, with Vietnam as counter-decoy. It was a scheme reminiscent of Hungary-Suez and Cuba-Berlin.

Also considered was the possibility of American invasion of Vietnam. Even this would yield a bonus—and what a bonus! China could intervene, should war come close to its borders. As in Korea, the Soviets of course would shy away from direct participation, using the pretext that they did not have a common border with Vietnam. The vision of a weakened or destroyed China was too tempting to resist. The truth is that the Soviets seriously worry about the Chinese threat and would like nothing better than to see Chinese nuclear installations destroyed by the U.S.

As for Peking, it is caught in the middle, torn between its understanding of the adverse implications to Chinese security of the Soviet gambit, and its still strong devotion to Communist ideology. This contradiction finds erratic expression in the well-known Chinese obstructions to Soviet arms deliveries to Vietnam; in Soviet-Chinese border incidents; and in the turmoil of a cultural revolution which in essence is the exploding of frustration over increasing isolation and helplessness, and a fervent desire for identity and recognition.

Only One Soviet Strategy

These are the principal elements of the Vietnam situation—or at least these were until recently. Since the Middle Eastern crisis of 1967, and the June War, a basic shift in Soviet strategy has taken place. Without losing its original significance, the Vietnam war has become a facet of the Middle Eastern power struggle, rather than an independent war. This is not to say that the Soviets were not counting on American preoccupation with Vietnam when they goaded Nasser into starting the Middle Eastern hostilities, using the false intelligence report of an imminent Israeli attack on Syria. The Vietnam war figured prominently in Nasser's own calculations and pronouncements as well. However, since the Israeli victory, priorities have changed drastically. The Middle Eastern conflict has entered a new phase, not yet recognized for what it actually is: but hopefully, the confusion will not last long. Recently, the *New York Times* quoted an Israeli government source: "On the one hand, the Soviets seem to be counseling the Arabs to caution; on the other, they are re-arming them much too fast. Our hope is that they don't defeat the first tactic with the second."

This line of reasoning is erroneous, for there are not two Soviet tactics but rather, two sides of one Soviet strategy: that of the by-now familiar "War of National Liberation." It is already taking perceptible shape; it is as close a replica of the Vietnam war as Middle Eastern terrain and ethnic composition will allow. True, the desert is not as good a cover for infiltration as the Indochinese jungle, but then Israel is not South Vietnam. One-third of its population is newly-absorbed Arabs on occupied territory. Its own population is five times smaller than that of South Vietnam, while the population of its hostile Arab neighbors is nearly five times larger than that of North Vietnam. The Soviets count on protracted, attritional conflict, which could put Israel under unbearable pressure of terror, sabotage, infiltration and hate-mongering campaigns, leading either to her humiliating surrender, or to a desperate strike by her against the source of her troubles. To prepare for the last eventuality, the Soviets undertook a massive arms build-up to replace the losses in the June War, and to increase the offensive and defensive capabilities of the Arab states. The entirely new element in the Soviet Middle Eastern build-up is that control of military activities has now passed into Soviet hands. There is some justification in the current argument that the sole victor in the June War was the USSR, and that our joy over the Israeli victory was premature. However, the argument misses a point: the Soviets obviously did not plan it that way, and the increased Arab dependence on her for military support, as a result of Arab defeat, is costing Russia a great deal. By trying to salvage what was left, the Soviets are making the best of the situation. Admittedly, they are not doing badly. Would an Israeli defeat make America's position in the Middle East stronger? It would not; the Soviets, for all their pathological antisemitism, are not just out to destroy the Jewish state. The Soviets need Israel as a symbol of blinding hatred for Arab fanaticism, which they utilize for their own ends. If Israel did not exist, the Soviets would have had to invent it. So would Nasser, to divert the attention of his subjects from their own plight.

By encouraging Nasser to provoke a crisis, the Soviets wanted to create a situation where victorious Arab armies would have to be stopped by U.S. intervention from completely overrunning Israel, thus exposing the U.S. as the chief Arab enemy, while the Soviets would play their favorite role of "honest broker" between the "progressive Arab people" and the "reactionary imperialist" United States. It did not work out that way. Israel did not need U.S. intervention: it was the Arabs who needed Soviet help which never came. Despite all the cover-up propaganda, the Soviet failure to intervene to save Arab armies will not be soon forgotten. For realistic Arab leaders, the message was unmistakable.

What the Soviets are really after is Western strategic positions in the Middle East, and Middle Eastern oil, with which they would like to blackmail the West and strangle it economically. Soviet interest in the Middle East is far

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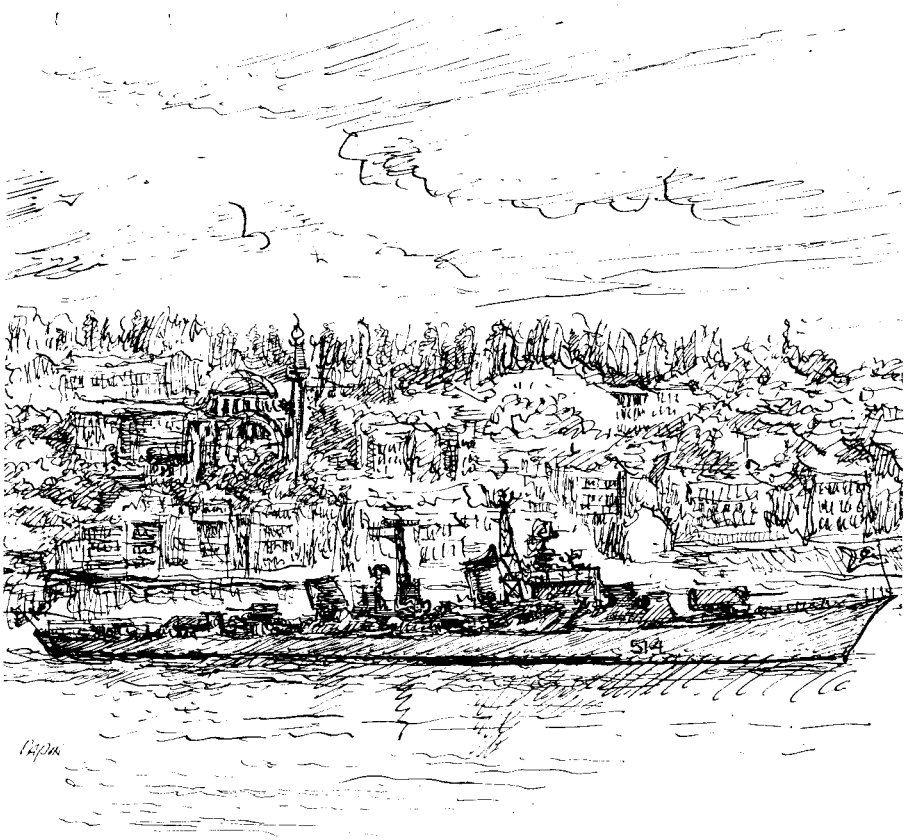
from being a new phenomenon. This area had always been coveted by them, as it had been by their predecessor, Imperial Russia. The difference between Czar and Commissar is more apparent than real; and the degree of continuity in traditional policies is striking.

For his part, Soviet leader Brezhnev recently set right any possible misunderstanding about Soviet aims: "There is no justification for the permanent presence of the U.S. Navy in the waters washing the shores of Southern Europe. . . . The time has come for the demands for the removal of the U.S. Sixth Fleet from the Mediterranean to sound loudly." Were his demands ever satisfied, there is no question as to who would move into the place of the U.S. Sixth Fleet. Even now Soviet warships harass the U.S. Navy by passing perilously near our ships, once again demonstrating familiar Soviet tactics of surreptitious provocation with ominous undertones. Soviet naval construction (especially of aircraft carriers) is being stepped up. The Syrian port of Latakia, Egypt's Alexandria and Port Said are being used more and more by the Soviet Navy for naval support.

British withdrawal from the Middle East created a vacuum of power, and the Soviets decided to fill it. The new aggressiveness in Soviet foreign policy reflects a recent debate in the Kremlin. Apparently, the Shelepin group is winning the argument and the Brezhnev-Kosygin collective leadership is trying its best to compensate for its failure last June.

Jordan Is First

What are the Soviet tactics? In order to destroy America's position in the Middle East, the Soviets are organizing Vietnam-type guerrilla warfare, not only against Israel but also against "reactionary" Arab governments. The first to come under Soviet pressure is Jordan, which is assigned the role of a Middle Eastern Laos as a privileged sanctuary and safe route for infiltration and is, as such, indispensable in the Soviet game of sabotage and hit-and-run operations against Israel. King Hussein was invited to Moscow and offered an arms deal in exchange for a Souvana Phouma-type of cooperation. He is trying to resist Moscow-Cairo pressure, but his ability to do so is limited. The Arab press is increasingly vocal with appeals for the creation of an "Arab Vietcong," a Vietnam-type "guerrilla war" against Israel, and threats against King Hussein and Saudi Arabia, which is a stumbling block for Soviet designs in Yemen and Aden. General de Gaulle, with his morbid anti-Americanism, is going to be used as a stalking-horse for eventual Soviet take-over. The Soviet-Iraqi oil pact is the product of the "fruitful" cooperation between the French government-controlled Compagnie Française des Petroles (CFP) and its partner, the Iraq Petroleum Company (IPC). We can be reasonably sure that the French base at Mers-el-Kébir in Algeria will soon be occupied by the Soviet Navy, after de Gaulle's obliging exit.



Keeping up with de Gaulle's runaway senility is not too difficult these days, for it is consistent. Consistency and insanity are not mutually exclusive, as we know. Often, they make strange bedfellows and lead to confusion—such as mistaking the pervasive fixation of a deranged mind for perceptive and farsighted statesmanship. De Gaulle's anti-American, anti-British, anti-Canadian, antisemitic and anti-Israeli statements and actions are universally known. The indignation they generate is understandable. Yet, we should not overemphasize them and make the mistake of blaming de Gaulle for all our troubles in the Middle East, as we blame China for all our troubles in Asia. Despite his craving for importance, de Gaulle is helpless to do more than minor mischief, as is Mao—their token nuclear capacity notwithstanding.

The reality of the Soviet threat in both the Middle East and Indochina can no longer be ignored. In fact, it has now caught up with us. We have to close the gap between Soviet strategic moves and our ability to decipher them. We can no longer afford the time-lag between Soviet actions and our reactions. (The confusion created by Prince Norodom Sihanouk's sudden about-face in welcoming American troops to Cambodian territory is not difficult to clarify. The resignation of the strongly left-wing and anti-American cabinet of Premier Son Sann is logical in view of the sudden change in the pattern of the Vietnam war.) North Vietnamese attacks against Thailand, Laos and Cambodia are increasing in scope, and their significance is not limited any more to South Vietnam fighting. War is not spreading—it is being spread, while conforming to elaborate and far-reaching plans. (Sihanouk understood this instantly.) The Vietnam war, although retaining its original con-

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notation, has undergone a transformation. Frustrated in South Vietnam, Ho Chi Minh is spreading the war to Thailand and Laos in his lifelong quest of a Communist Indochina. With an eye to easy morale-boosting victories, his troops infiltrate Laos, Cambodia and Thailand where, he believes, the United States will be reluctant to interfere because of growing domestic agitation against involvement in Indochina. The new tactics of spreading the war to include all of Indochina fit perfectly into the Soviet adventure in the Middle East. They would like nothing better than to have the Indochinese war be the smokescreen for their take-over in the Middle East. The empty threat of Berlin was too familiar to be useful; they revived it in December 1967 and in February 1968, and then suddenly dropped it.

Both conflicts could be singlehandedly controlled and synchronized from Moscow. Indubitably, the Soviets consider their tremendous investment in North Vietnam worthwhile; the Middle East is certainly more than adequate compensation. They could fight in Indochina to the last Ho Chi Minh soldier and the last North Vietnamese bridge to achieve their goal . . . so could Ho, to achieve his. Loss of life and property has never been an inhibiting factor for fanatics obsessed with dreams of conquest, and we gravely miscalculate if we believe such factors are as important to our enemy as they are to us.

TIME is running out for us to grasp the enormity of the stakes in the Indochina and Middle East crises. Yet, wishful thinking and fantasies persist, even where we can least afford them. Perhaps never before was this demonstrated more cogently than in a Johnson interview, published in the *New York Times* on December 20, 1967:

Question: "Mr. President, you have always credited the Russians with a sincere desire for peace in South Vietnam. Do you still hold to that view? If they really want peace why do they not stop supplying the North Vietnamese?"

President Johnson's answer: "I don't think I could honestly tell you just what their motivations are. We have always hoped that they would like to see this war brought to an end. That has been their indications to us. Whether that would work out in the long run, I don't know."

President Johnson went on at extraordinary length to attempt to justify Soviet involvement in Vietnam: "Now, we can understand the Soviet Union's inhibitions and the problems they have as long as Vietnam is taking place. They are called upon to support their Communist brother, and they are supporting him in a limited way with some equipment. We wish that were not so."

Mr. Johnson is a man of compassion but this time he clearly overdid himself. We can almost hear the mephisto-

phelian laughter, with strong tones of avid anticipation, coming from behind the Kremlin walls.

Mr. Johnson's answers were pathetic: but far worse, they augur ill for our security—our security being only as good as our basic assumptions are. The cost of "some equipment," as reported by the *U.S. News & World Report*, is estimated as high as $6 to $8 billion a year of Soviet aid; nearly all of it goes by hundreds of Soviet ships the long way around Africa—thanks to the Israeli occupation of the east bank of the Suez Canal. And the American Seventh Fleet stands idly by while deadly Soviet weapons pass through to be used tomorrow against our land and air forces. We behave like an inexperienced surgeon, removing peripheral tissue but afraid to touch the real source of the cancer—with the result of producing endless pain. What it amounts to is a perpetual torture for both patient and doctor, with no indication as to who will collapse first.

As for Israel, Mr. Johnson was as unsure on this point as he had been on Soviet "motivations":

Question: "Mr. President, do you consider that this country has the same kind of unwavering commitment to defend Israel against invasion, as we have in South Vietnam?"

Instead of answering to the point, Mr. Johnson volunteered legal information that is common knowledge:

President Johnson: "We do not have a SEATO Treaty, if that is what you are asking. We have made clear our definite interest in Israel, and our desire to preserve peace in that area of the world by many means. But we do not have a mutual security treaty with them, as we do in Southeast Asia."

What do "definite interest" and "desire to preserve peace . . . by many means," signify? One is left wondering.

Same Old Mistakes

The President's temptation to warn his Vietnamese critics—who happened to be hawkish on Israel—of the danger of their viewpoint, is understandable. His Vietnam critics may or may not get the message and that is of relatively small import. What *is* important, however, is that our adversary may get the wrong message. That is precisely what occurred as a consequence of Mr. Acheson's statement a few months before the Korean War started, and Mr. Johnson's statement of 21 October, 1964 ("We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves.") —which turned out to be a prelude to the beginning of the Korean War, and the escalation of the Vietnam war, respectively. We seem not to be able to learn from our own past mistakes.

Today, Israel and Lebanon are the only stable, democratic states in the Middle East, and as such, they are the best custodians of our strategic and economic interests. Pro-Western Arab states, especially Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Tunisia, must have all our support and encouragement to withstand Soviet-Nasser pressure. We should stop trying to ingratiate ourselves with hostile petty dictators through dubious concessions, at the expense of our friends. It is a disservice to Arab countries to mislead them into believing in our neutral stand in their conflict with Israel. The ambiguity of our foreign policy pronounce-

(continues on p. 563)

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LETTER FROM GREECE

MISSION TO MISSOLONGHI

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

ATHENS, APRIL 13. Overcast, drizzling. At six in the evening we depart by auto—my guide from the press section of the government, an eminent French journalist, the chauffeur, and I. After an hour we stop for souvlaki and a sip of beer at the isthmus of Corinth. Then we press on, into the fading light, along the 200 kilometers of demented careening curves of the south shore of the Gulf of Patras. After the isthmus we are in the Peloponnesus, and our goal for the night is the city of Patras. One thing stands out. In village after village the signs at the side of the road welcome us with patriotic exhortations. *Zito o stratos.* Long live the army. *Zito o Vasileus.* Long live the King. *Zito i ethniki Kivernitis.* Long live the national government, *Zito o ethnosoterios stratos.* Long live the nation-saving army. Monsieur has been speaking of the miracle of Greek antiquity, the unprecedented leap the ancient Greeks alone made, from evidence available to other peoples, into worlds of intellectual abstraction and conceptual formality. I have been twitting Mr. K. from the press section about his bad weather and see my chance. "Yet another Greek miracle," I say, "is that the Greeks taught themselves astronomy although one never sees the stars in Athens." "Voila!" cries Monsieur in triumph. *"Le pouvoir de l'abstraction!"*

PATRAS, *April 13-14.* A town of 50,000 on the shore of the Gulf of Patras. In Greece there are only eight or ten towns of this size that are *not* at the edge of the water. From medieval times until quite recently Patras was an important port. Now, what with the railway and new highways, traffic in the harbor has leveled off. We stop near a group of young men and Mr. asks them in Greek for directions to the Majestic Hotel. The Majestic is across the street. Ceilings in the lobby are fifteen feet high. The room clerk, having interviewed Monsieur in French, asks me in English to state my profession (for a government questionnaire: the replies are voluntary). *"Ecrivain,"* I say. Helplessly I watch as he writes e—k—r—i—v—e—n—d. A fine supper around the corner and up a street leading from the square straight up the hill. At half past midnight, when we leave, the customers are still coming in. On the dock we inspect the superannuated stone pharos and the huge ferries that cross the Ionian Sea to Brindisi. One ferry is tied to the dock with its great frontal gate hanging open. *"On dirait un grand poisson qui se debat,"* says you know who.

At the Majestic the elevator is a museum piece: vaulted roof, room for four slim travelers, carved mahogany panels, etched glass windows—all this luxury that plies its vertical ferry trade within an ornamental iron cage in the well of a circular marble staircase.

MISSOLONGHI, *April 14.* At eight o'clock on this cloudless morning the mountains near Missolonghi rise out of the mist ten miles across the Gulf. We motor three or four kilometers back up the coast to the ferry slip at Rion, which is guarded by a sixteenth-century Venetian fortress. It is only three or so kilometers across the water to Antirion, also guarded by Venetian battlements. The ferry is crowded on this Palm Sunday. At the helm, under the professional eye of his father, a boy who could be no more than thirteen is in control of this immense machine. He brings us expertly to the farther shore. We are back on the continent. Behind us we see the snow-capped crags of the Peloponnesus. Ahead lies the *hiera polis,* the sacred city of Missolonghi, where in 1821 the Greeks began their successful war of independence against the Turk. Byron died here. Today we celebrate the exodus of the remnant of the Greek garrison after an inhuman siege. It was not a military victory, but it marked a turning point in history. The siege of Missolonghi and the heroism of its inhabitants rallied Europe to the Greek cause. By 1832 the Turk had been driven back to Asia Minor.

For this Missolonghi is remembered each year. Although the town is hardly more than a village of 20,000, on this day it is bursting its seams with 40,000 patriots all in their Sunday best. Our car is passed through the police line. Thousands line the streets and press out of the windows. The church begins to fill with dignitaries—Mayor Voulgaris, General Zoytakis (the Regent), Makarezos (Minister of Coordination), Pattakos (Minister of Interior), and a hundred other officials, officers, military attachés, embassy officials. Monsieur and I are the only members present of the foreign press. After a short mass we file out of the church in parade order. First the great black-bearded priests with bell, book, and candle. Then the mayor and ministers. Monsieur, Mr. K., and I are two ranks behind that. In the rear are the military brass, evzones, boy scouts, girl scouts, and Lord only knows how many hundreds more, all in the flashing regalia of Greece's rich traditions.

It is, actually, a funeral procession. Our only music is the slow mournful drum. Through these narrow streets almost bursting with people, with color, with the fragrance of flowers and incense, there moves only the sound of the drum and a thousand solemn feet.

Then something unusual happens. Shyly at first the men and women clap their hands as Pattakos and Makarezos, two of the men who made the revolution of a year ago, pass by. As we leave the ancient alleys and move through the square, thousands jammed on rooftoops, pressing through casements, serried on the sidewalks, send up round after round of applause. Is it because, two weeks ago, the Government announced the forgiveness of all agricultural debts? Or because, for the first time, this essentially local festival is graced with the presence of high government officials? Or because the people are grateful to a government that has put an end to chaos?

After thirty minutes the procession reaches the Garden of Heroes. There, and later at a state dinner at the hotel, we are showered with prayer, oratory, and ceremony. But the sound that will remain longest in my ears is the sound of the drum, and the marching feet, and the applause in the streets of Missolonghi. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

WHEN GOVERNORS CEASE TO GOVERN...

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

"Nature abhors a vacuum"—and the same principle applies in society. This is why a state of permanent anarchy has never existed and never can exist. Something always fills the power vacuum. And that something is usually decidedly unpleasant. When moral authority, which is the cement of a society, is dissolved, rarely can anything but raw power recreate the social cohesion and order without which no society can function. That raw power, necessary to pull a chaotic, anarchy-ridden society together, almost inevitably is wielded by dictators and tyrants.

This is not abstract historical speculation. It is a possible, not too distant fate that may face this country. The liberal leadership which has governed the United States since 1932 has in the last few months driven with catastrophic momentum to the edge of bankruptcy—a bankruptcy always inherent in its principles and its understanding of society and politics, but now becoming imminently real. In its surrender before Communism in Vietnam, as in its surrender before mobs in our cities and our universities, that leadership is no longer merely doing what it has done for 35 years, retreating before Communism abroad and steadily dismantling the Constitution at home. It is no longer merely governing with bad means to achieve bad ends. It is showing an inability to govern at all: abroad, betraying the most fundamental interests of the republic, and at home letting the constituted power in its trust slip from its nerveless fingers into the possession of self-proclaimed "representatives of the popular will," who burn our cities, desecrate our universities, occupy our capital.

Political developments cannot be timed, and it is impossible to say how soon, if we continue on our present national course, the full descent into anarchy will occur. It could be a year or four or eight, or longer. But what is certain is that this is the direction in which the governing liberal leadership is taking us. It is possible, of course, that there are enough men in that leadership who will recover their sense of reality and pull back from that course before crushing defeat abroad and endemic chaos at home are upon us. But so deeply has ideology, which blots out reality, invaded the liberal mind that this is a faint hope.

The brighter hope is in the citizens themselves, who, their instincts and experience undimmed by ideology, recognize the developing anarchy for what it is. In their hands rests the power to throw out the present leadership and replace it with one committed to restoring peace and order at home and vigorously defending American interests abroad. Such a change in leadership would be the happiest outcome—the only possible happy outcome—of the crisis of our society, which is week by week becoming more ominous.

Such a reassertion of constitutional authority and order would not only be a good in itself; the only possible alternatives would bring to an end the freest society mankind has ever known. When anarchy threatens a constitutional polity, order will be restored in one way or another. Men will not brook anarchy indefinitely. Either the society will have the strength to pull itself together and vindicate the genius of its institutions, or some mode of authoritarian rule will restore order from chaos at any cost.

THERE ARE two ways such an authoritarian, dictatorial rule can come about. It could overwhelm us in a way all too familiar in this century, through the ascent to power of a charismatic leader who concentrates in a mass movement, and distorts for his own ends, the instinctive recognition of the people that they simply are unable to live reasonable lives with the power of government in the hands of men helpless in the face of chaos, men unable to maintain the minimum conditions of civilizational order. It was in just such circumstances—the nervelessness of Kerensky and the Weimar Republic—that Lenin and Hitler came to power. Likewise, but on a more acceptable level, regimes like those of de Gaulle and Franco—regimes of a revolutionary and authoritarian character, but without the total hideousness of Communism and Fascism—have come into existence out of the inability to govern of the Fourth Republic or the Spanish Republic of the early Thirties.

The second way authoritarianism can be imposed on a country is through a revolution within the forms—a concentration of effective, even absolute, power in the hands of a dictatorial personality, while the formal constitutional structure is maintained. It was thus that Augustus, maintaining all the forms of the Roman republic, transformed that republic into an absolute empire. Formally he was never more than *princeps*, the first among the Senators; actually all effective power was in his hands—and Rome did not even have that formidable magistracy, the American Presidency, with its potentialities for transformation into dictatorship.

One form or the other of such a dictatorial future hangs over us if present trends continue, if moral authority in the spirit of our free Constitution is not soon reaffirmed. The election of 1968 is perhaps not the last chance for such a reaffirmation—though it may well be. Among the potential candidates I would judge that one, Ronald Reagan, certainly is of the stature to re-establish constitutional freedom and order, and another, Richard Nixon, could do so if he has finally put aside the tergiversations that have hitherto marred his public career. The others are either replicas of the men who have created our desperate situation or—one or two of them—demagogues of the mold that in a crisis situation threaten to become dictators. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

SQUARE JOURNALISTS WITH IMAGINATION

FROM THE ACADEMY

For your edification, gentle reader, I give you herewith my latest summary of magazines of a conservative character published by students, or at least by the rising generation. Embarrassed by riches—for since my last roundup in this page, numerous youthful editors sent me copies of their publications—I can list only some of their ventures.

The handsomest and glossiest publication is brand new: *The Westwood Village Square*, P. O. Box 24904, West Los Angeles, California, quarterly 75¢ per copy. With many illustrations (including color plates) and much advertising, *Square* is not a local journal, despite its title. The principal editors are Ed Butler, Oliver Carlson, and Alan Bock, and they appeal to college students and others who are repelled by, or may be weaned away from, the conformity of the Left. Despite its flamboyant appearance, *Square* (cartoon-strips, pretty girls, and all) contains some serious studies and good prose. I commend "The Rise of the Fourth Reich? Inside New Politics," by Howard Costigan; and "Who's Afraid of Mary Jane?", a first-hand study of hippie responses, by Chris Outwater.

In student journals, as in partisan politics, novelty-loving Los Angeles presents the paradox of conservative vigor. *Phalanx*, published by the Southern California Collegiate Studies Conference (P.O. Box 60366, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles; quarterly, $3.50 per year) has just published its second volume's first number. Among the good things in this serious review are an article by Professor Frank N. Trager on "The World after Vietnam," an original interview with Ray Bradbury, and an essay on university education by Luis Lopez Gonzalez. Despite its intellectual strength, *Phalanx* has been experiencing financial troubles, and needs subscribers and benefactors; it would be a great pity, were it to sink from sight.

Conservatives at Dartmouth College publish the *Conservative Idea;* the editor is Mr. William S. Lind; one can be put upon the mailing list (Dartmouth Conservative Society, Box 826, Hinman Post Office, Hanover, New Hampshire) free of charge, but donations are appreciated. Last November's issue has much to say about military problems, and includes a contribution, "The Coming Violence in America," by the versatile Professor Jeffrey Hart. The *Fordham Conservative*, published twice a year by the Fordham University Conservative Club and edited by Mr. John W. Mahon, contains some perceptive short articles on laissez-faire, Edmund Burke, the "Domesticated Society," and the Sino-Soviet Conflict.

Commentary on Liberty, got up by the Philadelphia County YAF (1601 Walnut Street, Suite 304, Philadelphia, $2 a year) is a slim journal aware of both the practical controversies of the hour and the philosophical assumptions which lie behind them. In last June's number, Mr. Robert Moffit has a perceptive analysis of "Cox, Harrington, and Sartre: the Conflicting Influences in the New Left."

I HAVE RECEIVED a congeries of "libertarian" and "rightist" newsletters, two to six pages in length: the *Liberator*, published at Claremont Men's College by two undergraduates; the *Innovator*, of Los Angeles, concerned chiefly with economic freedom; the *Libertarian American*, of San Antonio, a forum; and some Young Republican college bulletins, notably the *Pachyderm*, of St. John's University, in Long Island. But for lack of space, let me turn now to some remarks on veterans in this youthful field, contenting myself for the moment by remarking that all these little new publications, often witty, suggest a healthy ferment.

The most widely-circulated of the serious journals by and for young conservatives is the *Intercollegiate Review: a Journal of Scholarship and Opinion*, ably edited by Mr. Ritchie, of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute. All college libraries ought to subscribe to this publication (14 South Bryn Mawr Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; four times a year, $5).

The ISI also publishes, four times a year, the *Academic Reviewer*, with many succinct, intelligent reviews of both general books and textbooks. Most of the buying of serious books in this country is done by young instructors, graduate students, and the better undergraduates, I'm told; and here these readers may find a dispassionate guide.

In addition to journals which are professedly conservative in editorial policy, some of the little magazines of a general character now pay considerable attention to subjects in which the young conservative reader is interested. I think, for instance, of *Western World Review* (P.O. Box 2714, Culver City, California; $2 a year), edited by Mr. Robert E. Sagehorn. Last fall's number contains some vigorous criticisms of McLuhanism, and an objective—though not Objectivist—piece on Miss Ayn Rand.

Doubtless I have omitted some recent champions in this field, but then, conservative editors, you have to send me copies of your publications, if you care to have them mentioned here; it's next to impossible to find them on newsstands, except—I think—for *Square*.

I conclude by commending the *New Guard*, monthly magazine of Young Americans for Freedom (1221 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.; $4 a year), now edited by Mr. Arnold Steinberg. In the March number, Mr. David A. Keene has an essay on "Freedom, Force, and the University"; also one encounters Mr. Douglas Petersen's prize-wining essay in the Constructive Action national competition based on my little book *The American Cause*. All in all, some conservative people should be in senior editorial posts a few years from now; there is a talent among them. □

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Castro's Decade

JEFFREY HART

America in the Sixties
By Ronald Berman
Free Press, $7.95

NATIONAL REVIEW is located at the spot where politics, ethics, sociology, and art (mainly literature) intersect. As you move from the front of the magazine to the back, the emphasis changes, but all these elements are always present. And that junction is where Ronald Berman's *America in the Sixties* also takes its stand. For those who reside there intellectually, this is the most important book within recent memory.

It is an ambitious undertaking, but a successful one. Berman sets out to describe and evaluate the cultural-intellectual life of the decade, or at least the first eight years of it (for already the ground is shifting). With great skill, and with abundant and expert quotation, Berman manages an astonishing range of material. He deals with the relationship of the intellectual to power, with the fractioning off of the New Left from both liberalism and the Old Left, with the Negroes (and their importance as cultural symbolism), with the novelists and the ideologues (he is superb on the anomalies of the Jewish writers and intellectuals), with the ideologization of sex, and with the conservative critique of politics and culture. Some of us go through this material month by month as it rolls from the presses, but even so, Berman is able to create illumination by bringing it all together and showing relations.

He does more than that. His own stand is skeptical and critical, and he acknowledges a good point when it is made, whether by Left or Right. I hope he has tenure, for now and then he even has a good word for Buckley. So reasonable and fair is Berman, that it is tempting to say that he is being largely descriptive; and yet I think an ethical position does underlie it all, and that much in Berman is sympathetic to Michael Wyschogrod's attack upon Melvin Tumin's celebration of Jewish radicalism. "Judaism," said Wyschogrod, "has never been radical in the economic or political sense of that word. It has been a religion of law against anarchy, of reverence for the past and love for its traditions and heritage. It has always had a very realistic appraisal of what lurks in man and the necessity for responsible freedom is exercised . . . It is the radicalism of the last century that has been the aberration in Jewish history." Here, I think, is the ethical center of the book.

Berman's own prose has a mordant concentration and irony that give a distinctive voice to his criticism, and is itself an instrument of judgment. The temptation to quote at large is great, but I will restrict myself. Here is Berman on the ideologues of kinky sex:

> I have mentioned that in my opinion *Mansfield Park* is a more dangerous book than *The Story of O*; the chapter in the *Confessions of St. Augustine* on robbing a pear-tree is infinitely more dangerous than Mailer's shadow-boxing with the ultimate. Eventually, there is the appeal to experience; no man who has ever been in a whorehouse will take seriously the claims of sodomy to damnation. As for confusing it with salvation—to each his own.

An insect in amber: Mailer as flabby little devil. On the liberal demonology:

> Cromwell's corpse was never so handled as the ineffectual bones of Joseph McCarthy. We have seen him resurrected in Barry Goldwater, in Richard Nixon, and, it seems, Rustin wishes us now to see him resurrected in Clark Kerr. I have enough trouble believing in Lazarus.

Berman is illuminating on the strange venom of the intellectual, which is always available, and which most recently has been effective against LBJ. The intellectual is the owner of invisible capital, his education, and hostile to visible economic and social capital, which is lethargic in recognizing his full claims. Private property, social position, economic and political power—these things resist that invisible capital, or at least do not concede its primacy. *Écrasez l'infame,* cries the intellectual. *Muera la inteligencia,* replies the Nationalist General Millan Astray: "Death to the intelligentsia"—a utopian, but by no means irrational proposal. Astray is usually mistranslated "death to intelligence," which would actually reverse his meaning.

Finally Berman, by spreading the decade out before us, allows us to see the main pattern of what actually happened culturally in the Sixties. Various vocabularies can be used to describe it, and the mode I propose is not Berman's, but the evidence is in his book and I think he would agree. It was Castro's decade, and in a politico-cultural way he scored a clean knockout over JFK.

IT IS difficult now to recall the atmosphere in 1960, but Berman reminds us. Kennedy represented astringency, discipline, reason, and irony. There was an

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emotional chill around him: "We are, I am afraid," he said in a typical speech, "in danger of losing something solid at the core. We are losing that Pilgrim and pioneer spirit of initiative and independence—that old-fashioned Spartan devotion to 'duty, honor, and country.'" Can you imagine Bobby talking that way at some campus now? Or campaigning on something like the "missile gap," or Ike's weakness as regards Cuba? In addition, JFK stood for a kind of professionalization of power: Neustadt, McNamara, Rostow, Bundy. Not much sentimentalism there. For good measure, and unfortunately for LBJ, JFK managed to suggest, falsely, that there was no inherent contradiction between power and art, sensibility and *raison d'état*. Thus, the Hero.

But there was another Hero already on the scene when Kennedy took office, and he beat Kennedy not only militarily but stylistically and culturally. Castro, Guevara and Co.—bohemian bourgeois exgraduate students, a lawyer without clients and a doctor without patients. Violent declassed intellectuals. Castro smashed Kennedy at the Bay of Pigs; had Kennedy guarantee his tenure as a result of the missile crisis; saw an admirer, the Castroite Oswald, assassinate Kennedy; and imposed his own style—in place of Kennedy's—on the American, not to say world, Left. And Berman's demonstration of the degree to which Castro is charismatic for the left intelligentsia is impressive.

BUT NOW, the last indignity. Bobby's hair, Bobby's erotic appeal to the crowd, Bobby's use of the Big Lie and his disdain for reason, Bobby's lusting after the Castroite Berkeley youth, Bobby on Vietnam —stylistically, how far we have come since 1960! Castro won hands down, even setting the tone for Little Brother.

The only simulacrum of revenge, ironically, was achieved by LBJ: the destruction of Guevara, in which the CIA, we now learn, played a key role. And perhaps the destruction of Juan Bosch.

It seems to me that this is the meaning of Gene McCarthy's vatic comment that to win the Presidency Bobby would have to destroy his brother. McCarthy has an odd, profound vein—he really *is* different —and he tends to speak in tropes. Yes, morally and stylistically Bobby is precisely the anti-JFK. He is a fallout product of Fidelisma and Oswaldism. But then, *who* is JFK? Who is the *older* brother? "Bobby," as McCarthy remarked, "plays touch football. I play football. Bobby skates in Rockefeller Plaza. I play hockey." To win, Bobby, the Fidelista, would have to recapitulate Castro's victory over Jack by destroying McCarthy. It would be the victory of the self-projected bohemian slob over the man of taste and intelligence. □

The Second Civil War: Arming For Armageddon
By Garry Wills
New American Library, $4.95

HOW DO WE GET OUT OF IT?

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

No one should be shocked by the title. The *Second Civil War* describes the domestic situation as accurately as "The Third World War" does the international one. On the other hand, the predicted Armageddon may never come. At Armageddon, one side or the other wins.

What Garry Wills has produced is an admirable job of reporting—a sort of printed version of the TV documentary, an instant briefing. And *The Second Civil War* conveys something most books don't: a sense of immediacy. Although it is an "instant book," researched within the last few months and partly published already in *Esquire*, Mr. Wills's study comes close to being comprehensive. It's all there—Mace (the non-lethal chemical incapacitator), the Commandos (Father Groppi's storm troopers and also a line of armored police cars), *Prevention and Control of Mobs and Riots* (the 1967 manual), and lots more. For those who like symbolism, there's a pacifist crocodile and a piranha that's made friends with a frog. We never lack for details.

The documentation is packaged—though, alas, not indexed. The serious question remains what to do with it. Read it and sigh and sigh and have another smoke? Order a Stoner 63-A, which works as machine gun, rifle, or gas-lobber? Write your congressman? Leave for Ireland?

Which questions are a way of stating that Mr. Wills provides raw materials and not solutions. Just as well, for one sees that writing the book has moved him deeply. He is inside the situation and his subjective intensity communicates itself to the reader as an urgent plea for help, from all the conflicting forces involved. How do we get out of this?

THE documentation suggests what *won't* work. Not many of the people, black or white, to whom Mr. Wills talked are likely to be impressed by new civil rights measures. For the Negroes they won't go far enough, and for the whites they will concede too much. Gun control laws likewise seem futile. Admirable as they may be in theory, they will work about as well as Prohibition. Firepower is already so thoroughly distributed throughout the continental United States that one senses the two races could be shooting away at each other for four or five years without depleting supplies of ammunition already in stock.

But there is a way, though a way that may well be traumatic to the American psyche, particularly the 1968 American psyche. All of Mr. Wills's subjects—shall we call them trouble-shooters?—work in groups. Riots originate in mobs. Confrontations between police and the ghetto take place *en masse*. Consider the names: Commandos, Deacons for Defense, Black Panthers, Minutemen, Vigilantes. The awful spectacle reminds one of nothing so much as an urban version of Cowboys and Indians.

The lesson of Cowboys and Indians, as those who saw the Tom Mix or Gene Autry films in their boyhood will know, is that the battles took place between Indian bands and posses, between 26 cavalrymen and 32 Navajo marauders. Whenever a group of Indians trapped one cowboy, or a bunch of cowboys caught one Indian, things went fairly well. (Usually the captured party escaped, or swore blood brotherhood with his captors, or some such happy ending.) The group battles were the problem.

More so in the cities. We live in an age of constitutional change. The President has been brought down by the polls—the Gallup polls, the New Hampshire primary, and (God save us) World Opinion. The Constitution provides for none of these things. But if we must live in an age of constitutional change, then let that change be directed towards the ending of civil discord. The right of assembly as presently interpreted has become a weapon of pernicious destruction that most seriously injures those who test it at the outer bounds of its definition.

Justice Hugo Black, whose consistency increasingly becomes a cause for rejoicing rather than for sorrow, recently noted, "Marching back and forth, though utilized to communicate ideas, is not free speech and therefore is not protected by the First Amendment." The moving group of bodies as a means for expressing ideas lacks cohesion, is by nature incendiary. The march, the protest, the vigil, mass picketing, sit-ins and sleep-ins, corporal inundation—all these means of "protest" move towards the anarchy of riot.

One of the reasons is that they imply confrontations—the police *v.* the ghetto, shop-owners *v.* rioters, rednecks *v.* black powerites. There are too many men-in-the-mass for the law to be able to protect either the groups or the property which they may damage, and therefore man-in-the-mass must cease to exist as a form of political expression. In the long run, acknowledgment of this minimal truth of public order will demand effective legislative control of population, on all social levels. There are too many Americans and when they jog against one another in

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groups, there is friction. So the numbers must be reduced. A prohibitive income tax penalty on the third child (instead of the current, and astonishing, deduction) would be a start. Those who consider their freedom limited had better consider how much the man rubbing against their elbow limits it already.

Effective control of population remains a way off: it shocks too many people. (They do not realize that it is not a question of *whether* but of *when.*) For the short term, the modern "demonstrative" extension of the right of assembly must be shelved.

And it must be replaced. The constitutional genius of such a shelving will be the man who provides the institutional equivalent for the demonstration, the equivalent that fulfills two essential requirements: (1) large numbers of people shall not be assembled together in situations which are even faintly likely to produce civil disorder, and (2) some means for people accustomed to such assembly to express their views must be provided. The means? Mass communications may have already provided it. The phone-in radio show has already arrived, and doubtless the look-in TV show is about to follow.

Let the leaders of opinion, who have herded their folk together in the street, pursue and develop institutions of expression that not only replace the wailing, incoherent mob, but give voice to its individual members. The possibility might appall the man whose ideology depends upon group frenzy. If so, so be it. We can spare him, or we can bear him over our radios. And for those of us who value man in his identity as a responsible member of society, the individual voice will be much welcome. The second Civil War needs to be fought verbally, with weapons more suited to a civilized society than the grenade or the Tom Moore armored truck or even the "peaceful" demonstration. In a civilized, and therefore stable, society, all three must become obsolete. □

Lytton Strachey: A Critical Biography
By Michael Holroyd
Two vols. Holt, $21.95

GARGOYLE AND STYLIST

SIR SHANE LESLIE

This unceasing double volume describes with unflagging but somewhat flogging zeal the years of Strachey's literary achievement, though seemingly more totally devoted to that of Michael Holroyd—which no doubt is his intent. Seven hundred pages is too much. It does not appear that Holroyd ever saw or met Strachey on earth, but they must now descend hand-in-hand into Hades, which should suit them both. Nevertheless the book makes often grand, though often gross, reading.

The literary achievement of this ever-sick man was remarkable, for Strachey had managed to become the best English writer of his time. In *Eminent Victorians* he outraged the memories of Miss Nightingale, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Arnold and General Gordon — with Gladstone and Cardinal Newman thrown into the stew. The pity was that he flinched from adding good General Booth or such a bishop as Jocelyn Percy, who was condemned for violating a soldier and retired to the life of an impeccable butler. Even so, Strachey's unrepeatable feat lay in utterly delighting the gallant youth of the First War as they were dying off at the time of the Americans' entry. Thousands of dead and dying must have felt avenged upon their generation by this book alone.

His masterpiece was his *Queen Victoria,* to England an impossible and brilliant achievement following the War. Many who knew her had survived, and he showed no sign of nerves. What in Heaven would she have dictated to the Cabinet had she lived to read Strachey? She had made the fiercest efforts to destroy Greville and his *Memoirs* but failed. She came too late for what George III, her grandfather, would have done. But she would have enjoyed Strachey's literary mutilation of Gladstone with immense appreciation. It is known that a portion of her own *Diary*, accusing Gladstone in paragraphs of shrieking hatred, was destroyed by her daughter, Princess Louise—against King Edward's wishes.

Strachey's circle becomes intolerable, especially when they jump from sex to sex in making love. Still some should be remembered amongst the women, such as the lovely suicide Virginia Woolf or the quivering, grinning Ottoline Morrell, both given tremorous antennae rather than legs by nature. No doubt the good God was amused at times, but must have found the whole Bloomsbury lot very odd and disposed of them accordingly. Only one figure survives in greatness—Maynard Keynes, who will perhaps alone live into the centuries, balancing the exquisite Lopokova on his finger tip while furnishing the world with all it will ever need of modern or future economics.

Strachey's most personal though most agonized book came with his *Essex and Elizabeth*, gorgeous and gaudy though it was, befitting a Tudor Queen. The serious histories would not know what to make of scenes which really Strachey did not know himself how to render into English history. But he tried out some fearful enigmas and infatuations, and there he must be left.

We can equally enjoy him and pity him at the last, a comical but stricken invalid, waddling in the fancy clothes he enjoyed to the admiration of the faithful followers and pseudolovers. In vain were all their loves, now overwhelmingly described by Holroyd, but the pathetic figure in his last years was Miss Carrington, whose guise was that of a Magdalen washing his feet with modern cosmetics and finally botching her own suicide before he was dead himself. All this is insensitively described in the book, leaving sad and stark the memory of England's last great writer. □

Slouching Towards Bethlehem
By Joan Didion
Farrar, $4.95

PICKING UP THE PIECES

C. H. SIMONDS

One suspects Miss Didion was that solemn sort of child whom misguided adults try to coax into smiling. She never outgrew it entirely, to judge from these reports and meditations, all of which have to do in one way or another with Yeats' lament that "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold." Gathered together, her journalism forms a fragmentary chronicle of the breakings-up of society, civilization and her own world; and of her search for a niche in the rubble.

I do not mean to suggest that she is a mere gloomsayer, or another casual recorder of disasters. She cares, she hopes, but she will not delude. She has passed beyond optimism and pessimism to a far country of quiet anguish, where the landscape resembles the flat, featureless, sunbaked Central Valley of her California childhood, and a dream-land she sometimes longs for, a "ruin devoid of human vanities, clean of human illusions, an empty place reclaimed by the weather. . ." But she keeps on going in this world.

She says of herself: "My only advantage as a reporter is that I am so physically small, so temperamentally unobtrusive, and so neurotically inarticulate that people tend to forget that my presence runs counter to their best interests." So she infiltrates the weakening center and then scuttles back, bringing us scant comfort. There are no easy explanations of Why The Hippies; she is not content to

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reassure us, *à la* Tom Wolfe, that Las Vegas is a whole new art form.

In the essay "On Keeping a Notebook," she includes herself among the "children afflicted apparently at birth with some presentiment of loss." Not oddly, she is fascinated by lost children: the hippies, the boys and girls who stumble through the three-minute weddings in Las Vegas, the demented subdivision dwellers of Greater Los Angeles who take pills and, sometimes, kill one another (their world is masterfully drawn in "Some Dreamers of the Golden Dream"). Here she is in Hawaii, alone among the tourists:

> I took that bright pink boat to Pearl Harbor on two afternoons, but I still do not know what I went to find out, which is how other people respond a quarter of a century later. I do not know because there is a point at which I began to cry, and to notice no one else. I began to cry at the place where the *Utah* lies in fifty feet of water . . . and I did not stop until after the *Arizona.*

Miss Didion is one of those sensitives who react sooner, and more thoroughly. She is told that the others fell silent at the *Arizona,* whose after gun turret, flying the flag, pokes above the grey water.

Later she visits a military cemetery near Honolulu, and sees the grave of a soldier who died on Iwo Jima two weeks before his seventeenth birthday. Back in town, she reports, the soldiers and sailors of today brawl up and down Hotel Street—drinking, whoring, buying pornography, getting tattooed. She does not suggest that the dead boy did any differently 25 years ago, when he went off to war; it is enough for her that he was sixteen. She does not invent for us a past to which we can turn for redemption. We have fulfilled our past, not betrayed it.

THE past, for most of us, is a special self-deception—and for Miss Didion, self-deception is the root evil. Only without it, she says, can we achieve "character—the willingness to accept responsibility for one's own life." What dismays her about the breakings-up she chronicles is that they show that fewer people *have* pasts with which to come to grips. They arrive from somewhere else, stay awhile and then move on—without pulling up roots, because they never send any down. They may sense that something is missing from their lives, but never that they have lost anything. Their lives are distorted: by sensuality (the hippies), greed (the adulterous suburbanites), causes (the inmates of Joan Baez' Institute for the Study of Nonviolence). Miss Didion has compassion for all of them. She says of the pathetic General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party U.S.A. (Marxist-Leninist), "As it happens I am comfortable with the Michael Laskis of this world, . . . those in whom the sense of dread is so acute that they turn to extreme and doomed commitments; I know something about dread myself, and appreciate the elaborate systems with which some people manage to fill the void, appreciate all the opiates of the people, whether they are as accessible as alcohol and heroin and promiscuity or as hard to come by as faith in God or History." (About the only people for whom she shows no compassion are the folks down at Dr. Hutchins' Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions—perhaps because their hedge against awful nothingness is so vapid as to be no affirmation at all.)

Miss Didion writes carefully, with a perfect eye for detail and an unfoolable ear. I am sure she parts with her secrets with a certain regret, and out of a sense that it is somehow her duty not only to make what sense she can of the times, but to do what she can for the rest of us. We are, of course, all in the same pink boat. □

The Peking Papers: Leaves from the Notebook of a China Correspondent
By Jacques Marcuse

Dutton, $6.95

1984, CHINESE STYLE

MICHAEL LINDSAY

Mr. Marcuse first went to China in 1932 as correspondent for the Havas News Agency. He was in China in the 1940s and saw the early period of Communist rule in Shanghai. In the spring of 1962 he returned as correspondent for the Agence France Presse and stayed for over two and a half years. His stay, therefore, covered the period of recovery from the economic crisis of 1960-61 and he noted a steady improvement in living conditions.

The main theme of the book, however, is the frustrations of a foreign correspondent in China. Speaking for the whole group of correspondents stationed in China, he says, "Everyone of us had arrived with a wide-open, kindly disposed mind, inclined to enhance rather than belittle. Later, after it had been made clear to us that we were negligible quantities, mere compulsory articles of import in China's human barter trade, much of that initial goodwill went. . . ." The barter trade was for Chinese correspondents abroad, and Mr. Marcuse's successor was finally able to obtain permission to visit Chunking and Kunming after the French government had imposed restrictions on the movement of NCNA correspondents in France. Mr. Marcuse himself seems to have been confined to Peking except for one visit to Shanghai.

In contrast to the correspondent stationed in China, the temporary visitor is usually "given the VIPP (Very Important Potential Propagandist) treatment." He can visit more places and have more interviews but only occasionally get more information. "Premier Chou himself, having once agreed to be interviewed by a persistent VIPP, said to him, 'I cannot imagine why you wanted to see me. There is nothing I can tell you that has not already appeared in the Peking press.'" French VIPPs were specially numerous after the establishment of diplomatic relations, but the only interesting bits of information reported as coming through them are some accounts of Mao Tse-tung's attitude and his deep suspicion of Chinese youth. And some French visitors were warned by Chinese officials against the more permanent correspondents who were said to have "preconceived ideas" which became more preconceived the longer they stayed.

Mr. Marcuse distinguished another type of foreign visitor. "People like Snow and Greene are not really VIPPs, all things considered. They are VIPs—Vested Interest Propagandists. By which I do not mean that they tell deliberate untruths, but that, perhaps unconsciously, they know which side their North China *mien pao* is dollared on, and I wonder what would become of them (unless they have a tremendous private income) should Communist China suddenly fold up, which is not altogether to be dismissed as a possibility." He met Felix Greene and challenged his account of Peking railway station with "two nurseries for infants, where mothers can leave their children under the care of young trained nurses." Mr. Marcuse had been to the station many times and, while there was one nursery, it was always locked with dust gathering on the playpens and toys. Felix Greene was unwilling to believe this but admitted

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that he had never been to the station since his officially arranged visit there.

There is an interesting chapter on "The Old Retainers," the foreigners who have made China their home. Although "they propagate untruths in unimpeachable good faith," he says, "they are unselfish, utterly dedicated people who expect nothing for themselves, and I have great esteem for them—morally, if not always intellectually."

THE whole book is an effective disproof of the view that diplomatic relations and official contacts can open up important sources of information about China. "With personal interviews practically out of the question, press conferences non-existent, speechless official 'spokesmen,' and human contacts with the population strictly banned, the foreign correspondent in Peking has three main sources of information: the official handouts, the English service of the official NCNA, and the official daily press." He goes on to say that the newspapers are the most interesting, not so much for the editorials which are usually available abroad through broadcasts before they are printed in China, but for the sidelights provided by the small articles and commentaries.

A large proportion of Mr. Marcuse's contacts were naturally with the officials responsible for dealing with the foreign corps or with foreign visitors. Nearly all were completely doctrinaire and totally lacking in a sense of humor, though their behavior was often unintentionally comic.

In spite of all restrictions Mr. Marcuse did manage to make a few unofficial and unauthorized contacts and to see a number of things which the authorities wished to conceal. Also, the material from the Chinese press forms the basis for several very interesting chapters on such subjects as the suppression of traditional Peking opera and the campaign against early marriage or any manifestation of sex, which a Party publication describes as a "psychosomatic activity which consumes energy and wastes time."

THE outlook produced by the situation of a correspondent in China is nicely described in the preface. "The perpetual boasts of the regime, its over-Victorian prudishness, the palpable untruths which the people (and ourselves) were expected to swallow without demur, the childish propaganda, the purposeful isolation and ignorance in which we were kept, in fact everything that we most disliked and held in contempt made us roar with permanent mirth. At the same time it all became unreal. The whole picture. It was like watching a film version of Orwell's *1984*, starring the Marx Brothers." Enough of this has come through in the book to make it amusing reading.

In the chapter discussing Mao Tse-tung (which has some inaccuracies) the author expresses regrets that he did not take the opportunity of visiting Yenan during the war against Japan. The reader must share these regrets because it would have been very interesting to have had Mr. Marcuse's observations on the changes in the Chinese Communist Party as well as on the changes in China. Occasionally in the front line areas and rather more often at Yenan one would meet individuals who could easily develop into the typical Communist official portrayed in this book. But they were then not the dominant type and the general atmosphere was completely different. If Mao and his associates really have "the loess caves of Yenan complex" (which the author describes as the most penetrating remark he heard in Peking), then their efforts to spread the spirit of Yenan over the whole of China have resulted in complete failure. It is interesting to speculate whether different policies by foreign powers could have encouraged and pressed the Chinese Communists onto a different line of development. □

MOVIE CRITICISM

Kiss Kiss Bang Bang
By Pauline Kael
Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95

GETTING A FIX ON THE ENVIRONMENT

ARLENE CROCE

Reading Pauline Kael on the movies is like watching a good housekeeper scrubbing up the place. Bales of trash are carted away, dusty reputations are flailed like carpets, odious little smells are tracked to their hiding places in this or that dark corner of the mass culture, unwanted foreign objects (like Michelangelo Antonioni) are turned unceremoniously out of doors, and oh, the joy when she goes tunneling beneath the tasteful art-house furnishings for those linty associations and cobwebby certitudes that make up the mind of the educated liberal audience. When she's through, the smell of disinfectant can be intoxicating.

At other times, when the industry of the undertaking—the shaking and sweeping and pummeling of human vices on the massive scale afforded by a mass art—seems out of proportion to the job at hand, you may be overcome by the fumes. Miss Kael is capable of going on and *on* about a Dean Martin movie, yet you read on and on, because one of the things that make her so engaging as a critic is her willingness to perform at full strength on the weakest of assignments. Kiss kiss bang bang, week after week.

I suspect that much of the energy that bubbles up in these weekly reviews of mostly very dim films comes from one of

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the deepest and least appreciated reserves of professional pride a critic is left with when he knows there is really nothing to say, and this professional pride I could define another way by saying it is a rage to entertain, an instinctive need to make ephemera interesting enough to write about and therefore to read about. In Pauline Kael the instinct is often a very magical one, yet I would guess half her audience doesn't really know or care why she is putting herself to the trouble. There is, these days, too much reviewing of too much art, such sloppy reviewing of such bad art, that the risks a good critic takes when he tries to convert bad material into a good review—the risk for example of self-betrayal—often seem the most negligible to his readers even though they may be the most dangerous of his career.

WHAT the movie critic has to distinguish is less between good and bad movies than between different kinds of bad movies. Miss Kael is very helpful on bad movies that matter and bad movies that don't (although the ones that don't sometimes have to be reviewed anyway—scrubbed for the sake of scrubbing). Presumably the ones that matter are more richly suggestive to a writer who understands that his function is not art criticism and that there's no getting away from it—"an aesthetician who gave his time to criticism of current movies would have to be an awful fool" is Miss Kael's short way of putting it; she'd rather write about movies, good or bad, that "affect people" and I suppose she doesn't mind being called a sociologist, although the collective myths and neuroses that inspire her best writing are—so far as an academic sociologist like Hortense Powdermaker, author of *Hollywood, The Dream Factory,* knows—undreamed of.

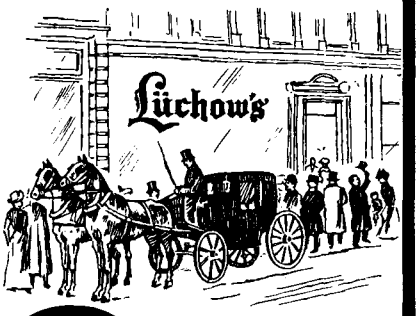
I know of only one honorable way of writing about movies that avoids the perils of *sauve qui peut* journalism, and that is to accept them as an environment. Movies, whether one goes to them or not, surround us still, even on television. In the Forties, several critics who were also poets and artists—James Agee, Manny Farber, Robert Warshow, Parker Tyler—found in movies a limitlessly absorbing subject. Occasionally they'd find art, but they didn't thereupon resign their commissions and become holy men. I think of that era as a Golden Age. Movies were so routine we could remain oblivious to their meanings, hence their importance, and then be delightedly shocked when these men pointed them out. Today, movies are an environment we're more conscious of, and to be conscious is to suffer the temptations of holiness, of specialization—a temptation Pauline Kael implicitly acknowledges when she gives generous space to a bad movie like *Wild 90* because it is by Norman Mailer, and dismisses the burden of discussing *A Countess from Hong Kong* as "sanitation engineering" (there's our good little housewife), even though it contains Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren and was written and directed by Charles Chaplin. Chaplin belongs to the past; his bad movie was only newsworthy, without power to "affect people," whereas Mailer belongs to the present-day environment of movies and has that power. Kael on Mailer isn't Kael going arty but simply responding to what "serious" folk are now doing to that now very serious medium, the movies.

But when you've got a fix on your bad-movie environment, the good movies tend to stand out like negative achievements. Kael is curiously negative about films she admires. Read her reviews of Godard's films—they're full of warnings, defensive turn-away-wrath phrases like "his doubts can be irritating. . .", ". . . the use of the *acte gratuit* . . . rather maddening in films", "it's impossible—indeed likely—that audiences will be confused", ". . . may be driven wild", "Those who dislike verbal allusions may be irritated . . ." etc. (Who dislikes verbal allusions? I like verbal allusions, I dislike Godard's jejune use of them.) Perhaps the Godard movie is not a good movie but a bad movie in disguise, albeit one That Matters. But Godard "the most important single force keeping the art of film alive"? I'm damned if I understand the process of selection here, nor could I understand any definition of the kind of critic that Pauline Kael is which argues that she knows good stuff when she sees it. She's often wrong, and about Godard I think she's desperately wrong. My point is that she is the kind of critic who doesn't have to be right. She is an impressionist, with a total grasp of development within her field, which, I am persuaded, doesn't happen to include foreign films.

I FIND Pauline Kael's response to the changing environment of movies, an environment seen from both the film-maker's and the audience's viewpoint, one of the most engrossing enterprises in contemporary journalism. The cumulative impact it has can't be measured by books like *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* (the title is from an Italian movie poster expressing the quintessential excitement of cinema), in which, I must admit, you will find neither the reviews of *La Chinoise* and *Wild 90* nor the nonreview of *A Countess from Hong Kong* which I have just cited—those remain uncollected. My favorite pieces in the present collection are "Movies on Television," the remarkable work of cultural synthesis which signaled her debut in *The New Yorker* where she now shares the film column with Penelope Gilliatt, and "The Making of *The Group*," which manages to combine an analysis of the Mary McCarthy novel with a complete account, down to the last grip and bit-player, of how a modern Hollywood movie is made, or unmade.

This is the stuff of scandal—think of Lillian Ross' *Picture*, and its message:

Nice Nourishing Nostalgia



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Random Notes

■ BOOKS: In *Black Snow*, the suppressed Russian author Mikhail Bulgakov tells a fictional (but autobiographical) tale of the Moscow Art Theater; Stanislavsky emerges as no hero at all. (Simon & Schuter, $4.50). . . . Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor and Robert Penn Warren have edited *Randall Jarrell 1914-1965*, a memorial volume with contributions from just about everybody (Noonday paperback, $2.45); published simultaneously is a new edition of Jarrell's novel of academic ghastliness, *Pictures from an Institution*, upgraded and up-priced for the fast-growing Jarrell cult (Noonday, $2.25). . . . Noel Coward, at it still, has done four long short stories and packaged them as *Bon Voyage* (Doubleday, $4.95). . . . *An Explosion of Limericks* contains Vyvyan Holland's favorites, annotated (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.95). . . . Those immense art books published by Abrams are being reissued in equally immense, but much cheaper, paperbacks. Among those available are *Art Nouveau* and Allan Kaprow's *Assemblages, Environments and Happenings*, both $9.95.

■ MORE BOOKS: Richard Schickel's *The Disney Version* is a definitely unauthorized biography; the author was denied access to the Disney memorabilia, files and papers, and his book is less than enthusiastic (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . First biography of El Cordobes is *Or I'll Dress You in Mourning*, by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Simon & Schuster, June, $6.95). . . . Brooks Atkinson, retired from the *New York Times*, has signed a contract with Macmillan to write a history of Broadway. . . . Douglas Collins tells the story of his ten (yes) escapes from Nazi prisons in Germany, Hungary and Rumania in *P.O.W.* (Norton, September); and the fall of Singapore to the Japanese in 1942 is recalled minute by minute in Noel Baber's *A Sinister Twilight* (Houghton, June, $6.95).

what fools these moguls be—yet the log of *The Group* has next to no deviltry. When Kael is writing about the business of moviemaking, her tone is almost despairing, but the sympathetic stress of it makes you see that movies are a human undertaking inhumanly conceived. And the message you take away from her report on *The Group* is that the American style of moviemaking is inimical to the best work of the best artists, and imposes conditions under which energetic fixers like Sidney Lumet, with his background of theater and live TV, become valuable directors because they can bring home the picture without wasting money.

This is fine as far as *The Group* and other American movies are concerned. But you have only to read Kael on Godard to wonder where all the emphasis on *modus operandi* leads. We know from Kael and from his publicity that Godard is as good a man with a budget as Sidney Lumet. The difference, as we also know from Kael, is that Godard is a "film-maker," does his own thing, which means writing and shooting his own ideas, often unplanned and off-the-cuff. Lumet, on the other hand, is a tough, dependable businessman who works with prepackaged goods without trying to be an artist.

YET when it comes to the finished films, the bad and wrong things that Miss Kael sees Lumet doing she finds brilliant in Godard. "Lumet . . . and he is one of the best and most flexible of the TV-trained directors—still directs one-dimensionally. He cannot use crowds or details to convey the illusion of life. His backgrounds are always just an empty space; he doesn't even know how to make the principals stand out of a crowd. . . . He has only TV foreground action . . . and . . . it basically represents a loss of the whole illusionary delight of movies." Next, Godard: "In natural light, his figures are isolated and clearly defined in space against impersonal modern buildings with advertising posters or in rooms against white walls with unframed pictures from magazines. . . . The ironic elegance of his hard-edge photographic compositions on screen is derived from graphics, comic strips, modern décor, and the two-dimensional television image." (Lumet's TV style of direction has only one dimension, Godard's has two.) As to editing, here is Lumet: ". . . the scenes will be chopped up with reaction shots and close-ups to conceal the static camera setups and the faults in timing, in acting, in rhythm of performances. Fast editing *can* be done for aesthetic purposes, but too much of it is done these days to cover up bad staging and shooting, and the effect is jerky and confused. But, as it calls so much attention to itself, it is often taken to be brilliant technique." As in Godard: ". . . so restless and inquiring that he hardly develops his ideas at all. Often he leaps back to rework a theme when he sees how to develop what was only partly clear before. His style is a form of shorthand . . . The frames in a Godard film are perfectly suited to fast comprehension —one can see everything in them at a glance—and to quick cutting. They can move with the speed of a comic strip, in which we also read the whole picture and the words at once." But what has become of "the illusionary delight of movies"? Lumet at least stays on the TV level, but Godard plunges all the way back to comic strips. How is this "keeping the art of film alive"?

In directorial attitudes, too, there are funny coincidences: 1) "Godard's conception of technique can be taken as a highly intellectualized rationale for these attitudes. 'The ideal for me,' he says, 'is to obtain right away what will work—and without retakes. If they are necessary, it falls short of the mark. The immediate is chance. At the same time it is definitive. What I want is the definitive by chance. Sometimes, almost magically, he seems to get it . . . but often . . . he seems to settle for arbitrary effects." 2) "Explaining something he wants done, Lumet will say, 'It can be very exciting'—which means what will *work*, not what may relate to any larger conception but simply something that will be effective here and now, in itself. The emphasis on immediate results may explain the almost total absence of nuance, subtlety, and even rhythmic and structural development in his work."

KNOWING whether Godard is really just a more sardonic, mandarin version of Lumet or whether Lumet is a bumpkinish Bronx version of Godard, doesn't interest me. What Miss Kael is doing in describing—just describing—how these men work, does, even though she's absurdly up on the one and down on the other. Taking it on the level of straight description, I find no inaccuracy in what she says, and she always takes care to describe. Describe, explain, justify . . . the critic's rule of progression is too often reversed to yield judgment without observation, piety without love. I don't think this is true in Miss Kael's case, although she does appear to think it better—why? —if Brechtian principle rather than TV convention is responsible for bringing about the same change in movies. A certain centerlessness of conviction in Miss Kael's work haunts me. At the same time, her sensitive, *working* adaptability to change itself remains unique. This is what's important about Pauline Kael and why she is a critic of value. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

HITCHCOCK, *by Francois Truffaut (Simon and Schuster, $10.00).* Truffaut spoke no English, Hitchcock no French, and so betwixt them both this 42-page-long interview comes out sounding a bit like a UNESCO pamphlet. Truffaut's thesis that Hitchcock belongs "among such artists of anxiety as Kafka, Dostoyevsky, and Poe" rather than with John Buchan, Saki, and Daphne du Maurier isn't hard to accept in these days of *auteur* criticism—it's very smooth going. Too smooth in fact: Truffaut's critical sense offers no resistance to the luxury of his convictions even by way of dramatizing them. Consequently, Hitchcock the commercial entrepreneur, the confidence trickster, the star-maker all tend to elude him, and a token example of Hitchcock wit has him splashing happily in a sea of philosophical *aperçus*: *A. H.*: "I wanted to have in [in *North by Northwest*] a long dialogue scene between Cary Grant and one of the factory workers as they walk along the assembly line. . . . Behind them a car is being assembled, piece by piece. Finally the car that we've seen being put together from a simple nut and bolt is complete, with gas and oil, and all ready to drive off the line. The two men look at it and say, 'Isn't it wonderful!' Then they open the door to the car and out drops a corpse!" *F.T.*: "That's a great idea! . . . That's a perfect example of absolute nothingness!" Ah, the French. A valuable book nonetheless, with many fine photographs and stills. A. CROCE

THE ENGLISH, *by David Frost and Anthony Jay (Stein & Day, $5.95).* This is, I regret to say, a relentlessly clever book. The authors have a number of good and important points to make about the ill effects of the democratization of Great Britain—substitution of quantity for quality in education, the growing and increasingly irrelevant bureaucracy, the replacement of the white man's burden with the white man's fear—along with some of the remaining ill effects of the old aristocratic beliefs. But they have chosen to make these points in a style which verges on (and sometimes descends into) television slapstick. Also—one other point—they have chosen to conclude what (aside from the style) is a generally intelligent and perceptive book with a routine, not to say stereotyped, attack on the British military system and the whole idea of empire ("guerrilla forces today launched a series of attacks on government bases" necessarily means "Democrats are trying to overthrow our fascist puppet"), thereby showing that they, like our own anti-war groups, have wearied not so much of the white man's burden, as of the burdens of freedom. Which is too bad.

J. C. LOBDELL

A HANDBOOK OF NEW NATIONS, *by G. Etzel Pearcy and Elvyn A. Stoneman (Crowell, $8.95).* There have been 61 new nations since 1943, which is 47 per cent of the world total of 131. Reference works, consequently, are a boon, and the more recent the better, on the whole, since frequent change goes with growth—and with instability. This handbook includes all the new nations, Asian as well as African, and a scattering of others. Succinct summaries, from two to six pages for each nation, cover physiography, population, history and government and social conditions. Politics and politicians, perhaps understandably, are very lightly touched, and this lack can be remedied by keeping at hand Reuters' Who's Who of Africa, *The New Africans* (Putnam, $7.50). Unfortunately the countries are not arranged alphabetically but chronologically according to date of independence. This sacrifice of ease in reference is evidently governed by some perverse logic that also dictates an alphabetic listing of the chronological table in the appendix, where "Algeria 47 July 5, 1962," heading the list means 47th nation to gain independence, on the date given, and so on. The index has a welcome pronunciation guide. E. B. MEYER

ADVERTISING AND COMPETITION, *by Jules Backman (New York University Press, $5.00).* NYU economist Backman under the sponsorship of the Association of National Advertisers makes no attempt to defend Madison Avenue's aesthetic sensibilities—or, perhaps more accurately, insensibilities. But he does point out that, notwithstanding the White Knight and the Jolly Green Giant and a host of jeering Vance Packards and John Kenneth Galbraiths, advertising does fulfill a vital economic function. By providing the consumer with information about old and new products, advertising helps bring about mass markets. Mass markets mean mass production and mass distribution—which mean in turn greater economic efficiency and higher living standards. Backman's statistical presentation is impressive; armed with data comparing advertising-sales ratios with market share and price measures, he refutes charges that advertising serves as a buffer between the corporation and competition. Backman shows that advertising cannot keep No. 1 at the top. The top, as the record shows, is a slippery place and market shares shift regardless of advertising outlays. Competition remains a vigorous force for efficiency, and the White Knight, whether or not a part of the culture gap, does contribute to that efficiency. M. PETERSON

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Middle East

(cont. from p. 552)

ments in this respect could have tragic consequences by encouraging wishful thinking and dangerous miscalculations. This is no time for duplicity.

Like Nkrumah and Sukarno, Nassers come and go, but the people they rule, remain. More than 80 per cent of the Arab masses are *fellahs*, living in degrading, miserable conditions of illiteracy and ignorance, barely aware—if at all—of the ambitious schemes of their rulers. Those rulers should not be given the degree of respect they enjoy (but certainly do not deserve) as a result of our constant fawning on them. The irony of this situation defies all logic. Accommodating greedy dictators, advantageous though it sometimes may seem, is self-defeating in the Middle East as well as in Indochina and elsewhere. While the obsessive drive to defeat America in Indochina is dressed in ideological clothing, in the Middle East it took the form of naked fanatical nationalism. For the Soviets, it could not matter less. They are not ideological Communist puritans and never were. Great Russian chauvinism of old Imperial days and Communist ideology seem to blend perfectly, certainly to the point of indistinguishability. After all, do not the ends justify the means?

What could be done to counter the Soviet challenge? The first, and seemingly most daring step, should be to break the conspiracy of silence surrounding the Soviet threat, and recognize it for what it is, instead of pretending that it is not. The second and most logical move for us would be to change the Soviet-imposed rules of "Wars of National Liberation," and make these wars at least as risky for the Soviets as they try to make them dangerous unilaterally for us.

Dealing with those who hold the key to it will help us open the door to peace in Vietnam. Fortunately, a historical precedent was established: in October 1963 we dealt with the Soviets and not with Castro. For once, our ability to comprehend reality became credible, thanks, paradoxically, to the incredible Khrushchev move in Cuba, precipitated by our consistent retreat in the Bay of Pigs, in Laos, in Berlin. Khrushchev got used to the idea that he could get away with almost anything. And he almost did. Will we rise to the occasion again, as we did then? We engage Ho in the mud and jungles of the Vietnam battlefield, as well as in the quicksand of the Paris "Peace Conference." And we continue to pay a high price for our self delusions in war efforts and in the pursuit of peace. We are acting no differently in the Middle East when we apply pressure on Israel, as if her retreat will bring peace. It will not. One day, we will have to face the Soviet challenge. This will take courage, but the reward will be our ultimate survival. □

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Letters

(continued from p. 525)

forces and in regular police forces "due to the persistent disinterest of young men in law enforcement careers." This idea is not unique to Commissioner McNamara. The Department of Labor has commissioned several studies on the use of Selective Service as "an ameliorative factor in the positive and negative approaches to counterinsurgency in the nation's cities." Although the word is no longer used, the deed is "channeling," a process now expanded from gentle persuasion to direct intervention.

If the editors wish to overlook even this perhaps they will turn a sentimental gaze to the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution and wonder when slavery is to be truly abolished.

J. F. C. MOORE, Editorial Adviser
Libertarian American
San Antonio, Tex.

Kenya and Britain

Your comments on Mr. Enoch Powell's address in the British House of Commons ["Exit Powell", May 7] did not, in my opinion, do justice to his courageous approach to an extremely difficult problem. Many of the Afro-Asians who are already in the Isles are behaving in a way that would try the patience of saints, which the British people do not claim to be. There is a serious housing shortage in Britain as well as a grave financial situation and it appears ridiculous to expect that Asians in Kenya who welcomed Kenyatta with open arms should, because they can no longer do business without becoming Kenyan citizens, be free to migrate to Britain and enjoy the already overburdened facilities of a tottering socialism.

Cobden, Ont. R. KEITH EARLS

Prole and Lumpenprole

No, I did not say ["Reflections on Violence", May 21]: "Both the New Left and the Old Left hold the lumpenproletariat in high regard." That, however, is the way you printed it. What I wrote was: "Both the New Left and the Old Right (the Nazis) hold the lumpenproletariat in high regard." The difference is significant. The traditional Left is hooked on the mystique of the working class—the proletariat. In this they are *pure* Marxists. The New Left makes its small revision of Marx (as did the Nazis) by playing up as *the* revolutionary class the lumpenproletariat—"the pimps, hoodlums, petty criminals and unemployed," in the words of Frantz Fanon. Otherwise they are good enough disciples of the Master.

New York, N.Y. MAX GELTMAN

1968 and 1789

In a recent column on the Riots Commission Report Mr. Buckley states, "what caused the riots isn't segregation or povery or frustration. What caused them is a

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result of boredom, self-hatred, and the arrogant contention that all our shortcomings are the results of other people's aggressions upon us." This observation seems reasonable. But perhaps history could provide us with a clearer elucidation as to the dynamics of the race problem.

By the 1780s France had been experiencing thirty years of prosperity unparalleled in its history, owing to its voluminous trade with its colonies and increasing industrialization. The serfs in France at that time were far better off than other Europeans of that status and France did not suffer from a landholding system which made small peasant proprietorship difficult, as in England. In spite of this relative affluence the French Revolution began on July 14, 1789.

One generalization that can be made about America today is that it has the greatest prosperity and the "wealthiest" poverty in the world. Although we have 500,000 unemployed, this represents only 13 per cent of the unemployment in the first half of 1966 and 1967. Yet despite this and the massive civil rights and anti-poverty legislation, race riots destroy the very cities where this progress is most manifest and where this legislation is most actively enforced.

In both pre-revolutionary France and contemporary America, things are getting better for the people and they want them to keep getting better. Thus with Utopia inches from their grasp, impatience overcomes them and they rush blindly for the ideal. The result in both cases is social disaster.

This is not to say that America is about to undergo the Second American Revolution but rather that rising expectations might be the catalyst of our racial turmoil. Perhaps, as Mr. Buckley suggests, "We need St. Paul, counseling patience and forbearance."

Pasadena, Cal. CARL MOUNTEER III

Burnham

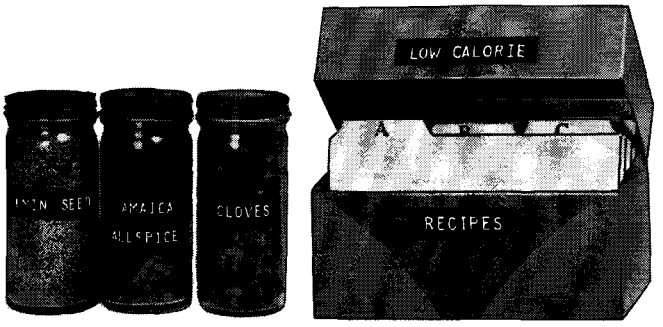
(cont. from p. 539)

In its own nature and by the floating nature of its constituency, our campus New Leftism is not a serious enterprise. That is why, when the crunch comes, our blacks, like the French workers, dismiss their self-appointed student saviors. The blacks and the French workers have something more solid than alienated psyches and spontaneous enthusiasms to concern them. Nevertheless, the romantic New Left anarchists, as France has been proving, can rejuvenate the tired Old Left and trigger vast social explosions. The destiny that decrees not merely the failure of the anarchist vision but its transformation in practice into a nightmare of bloodshed and tyranny does not discourage each generation of romantics from singing—

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return. . . .

George bought it for his workshop...

...and told his wife!



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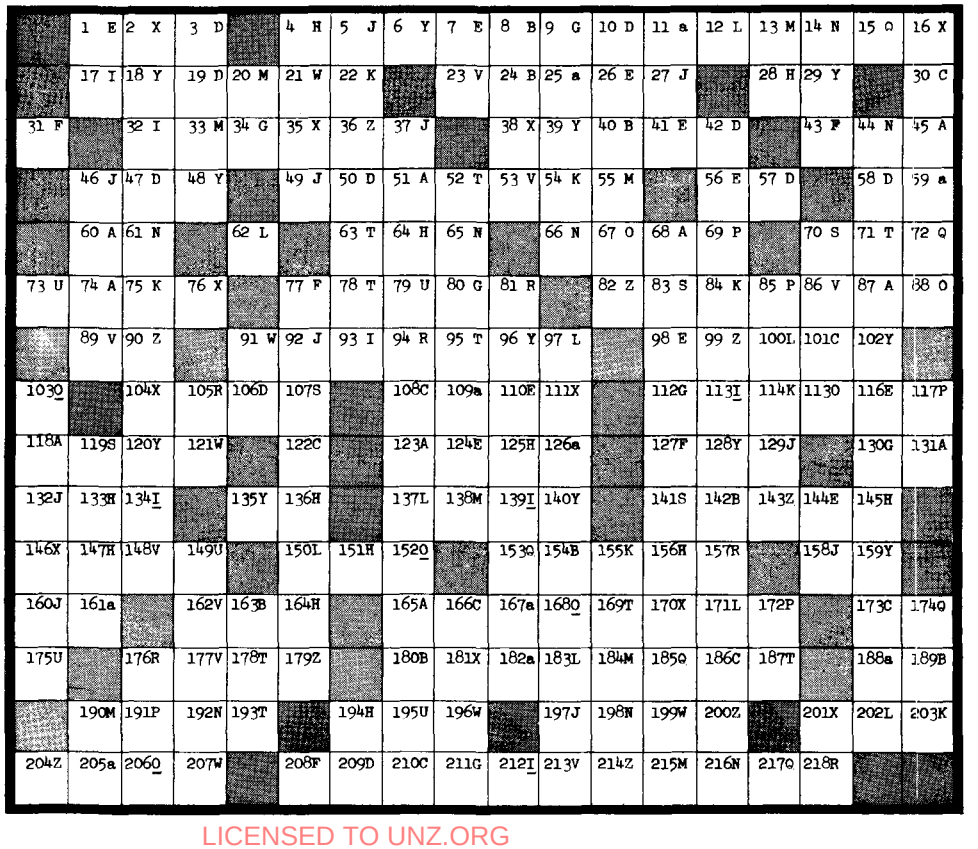
by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A Republican House member from the Midwest	165 45 51 68 74 87 118 123 131 60
B. A Republican House member from Ohio	40 189 163 142 8 24 154 180
C. A Republican House member from the West	108 122 210 186 101 166 30 173
D. A type of dictionary	106 3 10 57 209 47 19 42 50 58
E. Something deluding or misleading (plural)	116 7 41 26 98 110 124 1 144 56
F. A philosophical school in ancient India, which emphasized logical analysis of knowledge	127 31 208 43 77
G. A metal covering for shielding a banked or unattended fire	130 80 211 34 9 112
H. Alice French's pen name	136 4 28 64 125 133 145 147 151 156 164 194
I. The first barbarian ruler of Italy	139 134 32 113 93 212 17
J. Any of several primulaceous plants of the genus Lysimachia	197 158 5 27 37 49 129 132 160 46 92
K. Has in mind as something to be done or brought about	155 54 84 203 75 22 114
L. A Republican House member from Illinois	183 97 202 150 12 100 171 137 62
M. A banner that hangs directly from a pole	55 13 138 33 215 184 20 190
N. How statisticians are always laying things	61 14 65 216 44 198 192 66
O. Inert, heavy, or senseless	206 67 88 168 103 152 115
P. City in England, on North Sea	69 172 85 191 117
Q. Chairman, House Committee on Veterans' Affairs	72 185 15 153 174 217
R. When all Scotchmen remain indoors (first half German for English last half)	81 105 157 218 94 176
S. A kinsman related on one's mother's side	83 70 141 119 107
T. A Republican House member from the Midwest (last part one from Texas)	169 71 95 52 193 78 178 187 63
U. The Egyptian equivalent of Hermes	175 73 79 149 195
V. A rosaceous tree of Brazil	177 53 162 86 213 89 23 148
W. A Republican House member from the Midwest	91 207 21 121 196 199
X. One of the championships held by Henry Armstrong	16 35 76 104 111 146 170 181 201 2 38
Y. The street cleaner didn't like to hear his city described thusly	120 6 18 39 29 48 96 102 135 128 140 159
Z. Tending to arouse or excite unrestrained emotion	143 179 82 214 204 200 90 99 36
a. Members of a religious sect named for a Frisian whose surname was Simons	25 109 161 167 59 182 188 205 126 11

See page 569 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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DELECTATIONS

ONE MORE VOTE FOR SAN FRANCISCO

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

I FEEL SORRY for people who live in San Francisco. It must be a little like being married to a beautiful actress. Her fans see her only on parade—sultry, glamorous, devastating. Her husband, on the other hand, must have seen her a thousand times with her hair up in curlers and cold cream all over her face. Probably no city (and no wife) could be expected to sustain, through the multiple contusions of daily contact, an aura of authentic enchantment.

But consider San Francisco as it is seen and savored by those of us who, while not living there, are lucky enough to know and visit it frequently on trips carefully designed for pleasure. By air it is approached across the calm waters of San Francisco Bay. A busy freeway hurries us northward through a depressing series of barren little hills whose sides are blotched with pastel row houses and garish billboards. But then the road curves around the last drab hill—and suddenly there is San Francisco, her tall buildings crowning hills of their own. Whatever the weather or the time of day or night, it is a sight impossible to forget.

Travel is my hobby—no, let's be frank: my mania—and I have visited, if not all, then very nearly all of the principal cities of the world on this side of the Iron Curtain. I know of two (Rio and Hong Kong) whose physical sites are even lovelier than San Francisco's. I will concede that Tokyo and—on the basis of one memorable but possibly unrepresentative week—West Berlin have much the same ability as San Francisco to liberate my spirit. I will go further. San Francisco is no match for the special qualities of a number of famous cities: the exquisite loveliness of Venice; the brilliant caravan-colors of Marrakesh; the sheer soaring power of New York, the grandeur that still is Rome. But when all is said and done, and all the pluses and minuses have been totted up, I take my stand: in the quantity and quality of its charms, San Francisco is, for me at least, and as a visitor, the queen city of the world.

IT IS surprising, in a way, that this should be so. Let's face it: with all due respect to New York and your own home town, the United States is scarcely world-famous for its cities. Most of them are dreary, and a certain few should be evacuated and then sprayed with some plastic preservative as ghastly object-lessons to city planners of the future.

Moreover San Francisco is a raw, new place, even by American standards. It grew to a brawling and disreputable adolescence in the wake of the forty-niners, and even that unlovely town was knocked flat and largely burned over in the great earthquake of 1906. It might almost be said of the early San Francisco, as someone once said of a homely girl, that God made her as ugly as He possibly could and then hit her in the face with a shovel. And yet, in the ensuing half-century, a wonderful thing came to pass. Like a great red Bordeaux that is almost undrinkable when young and yet ages into something approaching perfection, this unlikely city matured into a well-nigh unbelievable combination of felicities.

I have mentioned its beauty; everyone does, and of course one must. Perched on its hilly peninsula, surrounded on three sides by water, garlanded with two of the world's loveliest bridges, San Francisco is,

to understate the case, fortunate in its location.

It is also—a fact of almost equal importance, though less widely remarked—fortunate in its size. At the time of the 1960 census, San Francisco was less than a tenth the size of New York, and while it is doomed to explosive growth it is still a city on the human scale: one can still comprehend it, and feel man-sized in it. For the same reason, one can easily leave it—by car, for example, northward across the Golden Gate Bridge into the forested hills of neighboring Marin County where, in Muir Woods, one can stroll through the great groves of coastal redwoods, tallest and oldest of living things.

In the matter of climate, San Francisco cannot compete with semi-tropical cities and does not try. Instead, the vast ocean immediately to its west keeps the city mild through the day and tangily cool at night during almost every month of the year. The first time I visited San Francisco, in August 1956, I was advised to take only medium and winter-weight suits. Craftily I packed two summer suits as well—and never wore either. But a raincoat is the only further protection you will ever need; an overcoat is simply a waste of money in San Franciso, even in January.

ANOTHER striking characteristic of the place is its improbable but pervasive cosmopolitanism. Why here, on the far side of the Rockies, should one suddenly come upon a city whose people simply dress better than most Americans elsewhere? Why should San Francisco have had its own opera company at a time when almost every other city in the nation still regarded Saturday night band concerts in the park as vertiginous pinnacles of culture?

Why, perhaps above all, should one be able, with a perfectly straight face, to rank this comparative midget right behind Paris, New York and London in the number and quality of its fine restaurants? I suspect that the variety and vigor of the cultural forces that shaped this amazing community may have something to do with it. San Francisco is, after all, a great seaport—and a Pacific seaport at that. The European influences that are comprised by the basic American cultural mix are all present here; but so are those of Kodiak and Tahiti, Honolulu and Hong Kong, Tokyo, Sydney and Singapore. To an Eastern or Midwestern eye the Oriental influence in San Francisco is sharply apparent even in the faces on a crowded street.

But for me the final and supreme attraction of this wonderful town is its graceful gaiety. San Francisco will never run the world; it sincerely doesn't want to. Let the power brokers of Washington and New York—yes, and Los Angeles—attend to that. San Francisco is quite content to play an honorable but lesser role in great affairs, and concentrate upon living a truly happy life. Its hospitability will be—is already being—abused; someday, no doubt, the city will sink into banality under the sheer weight of the dubious types drawn to it by its indisputable charms. Meanwhile, however, as the great British travel writer James Morris has remarked, San Francisco proves "how gracefully Western man might have learnt to live, were it not for the preoccupations of war and power."

She will last my time, thank heaven. And as long as I am physically able and can afford it, I will return to her whenever I can—to admire her, and smile with her, and savor life's joys with her, and re-learn what it can mean to be civilized. □

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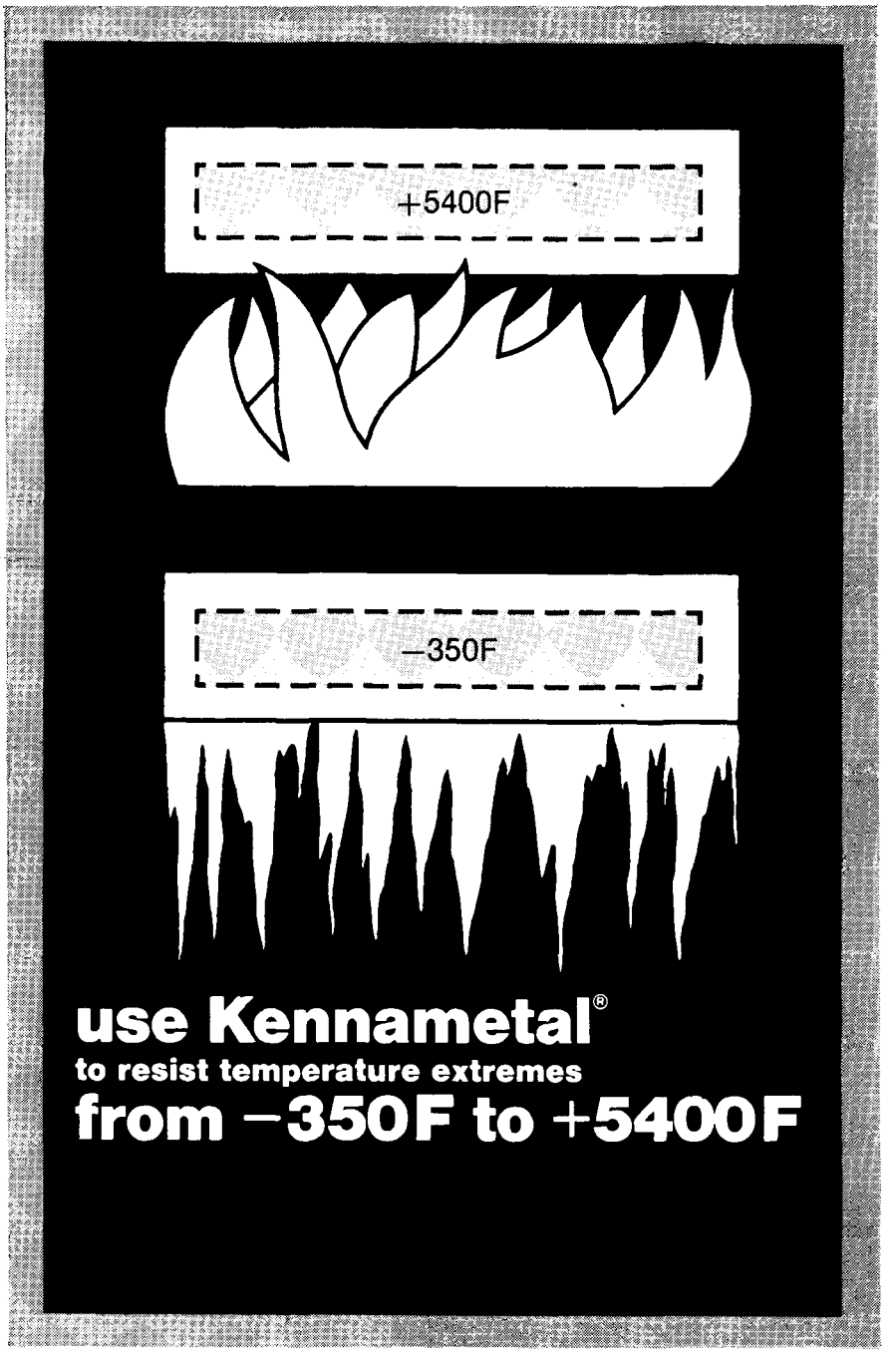
SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (MAY 21)

BARRY GOLDWATER SPEAKS OUT:

Jim Farley said to me one day during an airplane trip together that if a prominent Democrat had done what Rockefeller did, he wouldn't even be recognized as a Democrat today. Rockefeller dumped Nixon and me, so I just frankly can't see how any Republican can support him.



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Notes for the Platform Committees:

I. Foreign Policy

On The Right

New York, May 16—In due course the policymakers will thrash out their platforms. They will be high on rhetoric, and low on content, if their predecessors are any guide. Herewith an attempt, in three parts, to suggest a few conservatives insights into public problems, in the vainglorious hope that they will catch the eye if not of the platform writers, perhaps of the incidental voter and opinion-maker whom the platform writers are supposed to please . . .

Vietnam. The great effort there has been worthwhile. The GOP pledges not to panic. Disavow any agreement reached in Paris which commits South Vietnam to effective rule by the Vietcong, although of course any succeeding GOP Administration will be pledged to carry out the terms of any treaty executed during the summer. Existing situations too fluid to permit specific recommendations. What is needed is general reaffirmation of the strategic analysis that warranted our helping South Vietnam in the first instance.

World Communism. It continues to exist. The ongoing fragmentation is welcome, but isn't of the kind that warrants rethinking our worldview. There is an effective alliance among the Communist powers *vis-à-vis* the United States and her allies. That is the dominant power-consideration on the basis of which policy should be written in the immediate future.

Red China. It is dangerous to assume that the great convulsions within Red China will forever dissipate or deflect her imperialist ambitions. It is necessary under the circumstances to encourage a counter-power in Asia, capable of staring down a nuclear-armed, missile-developed China. Negotiations should begin with Japan to revise the peace treaty so as to permit her to develop a defensive nuclear arsenal.

Europe. Reaffirm our willingness to help in the defense of Europe, but stress diminishing need for heavy U.S. troop concentrations. Re France, the U.S. pledges to outlive de Gaulle. And Gaullism.

Mideast. Bring pressure on Arab countries to recognize pre-1967 Israel boundaries if Israel withdraws to those boundaries. Pressure on Israel to make reparations to Palestinian refugees. Encourage international authority under UN Secretariat to lease from Egypt at substantial annual fee right to Suez Canal, which will then be open to all shipping. Similar arrangement for Panama Canal should be considered.

Africa. U.S. renounces any intention of interfering in African affairs, though its good offices are at the disposal of any country desiring technical aid or diplomatic assistance. Repeal embargoes on Rhodesia and South Africa. Permit commerce with all African nations.

Latin America. Stress desirability of increasing commercial relations; keep lowering tariff barriers; draft legislation providing guarantees against confiscation by foreign governments, financed by regular, tax deductible payments.

UN. Pledge cooperation with the Secretariat. But announce a policy henceforward of participating fully in all the debates of the General Assembly, but declining to vote. By so doing, we announce symbolically that we cannot pledge ourselves to abide by the decisions of the majority. We look upon them purely as advisory. Instruct our ambassador to the UN to raise the question of the East European countries whenever the subject of colonialism or neo-colonialism is raised. □

II. FISCAL POLICIES & POVERTY

Miami, May 19—The evidence grows that fixed exchange rates are an anachronism. It is a matter of coincidence when a nation finishes a year having exported goods exactly equal to the value of goods imported and dollars spent abroad. The existing system is ultimately based not only on our maintaining such coincidences, a failure in which gives rise to a strain on our economic credibility. The answer (to which, according to Professor Paul Samuelson, the majority of U.S. economists now subscribe): flexible exchange rates. The advantages are manifest: the dollar is worth whatever buyers are willing to pay for it. If the dollar diminishes in value, that exactly indicates the settled estimate of its worth. It is the means by which automatic disciplinary pressures are brought to bear on, 1) internal inflation, 2) increases in the cost of production, 3) inefficiency. If flexible exchange rates are adopted, and the U.S. discontinues its purchase of gold, then profligate spending abroad breeds its own *pro tanto* punishment.

Domestic taxation. Think big. Tax reform is urgently needed. The more intensively the subject is studied, the clearer it becomes that government is very poor at trying to make justice through discriminatory taxation. The heaviest burden is, relatively, on the shoulders of the lower middleclass. Upward mobility becomes progressively difficult. Inflation heightens the graduated feature of the tax. The very rich have special privileges, loopholes. The very poor are strangled by bureaucracy, inflation. . . . Proposal: Adopt the Friedman Plan. 1) Eliminate all personal deductions, 2) double the exemption rate from the existing $600 to $1,200 an acknowledgement of inflationary reality, 3) set a uniform rate of around 20 per cent on all income. The resulting revenue would equal existing revenue from incoming taxes. Meanwhile, consciously explore the advisability of a:

Negative income tax. Pledge a thorough examination of the negative income tax but only on the condition that it replace all federal welfare programs. If supplementary welfare is desired, that becomes the business of the individual states. If the negative income tax is instituted, the rates should clearly point up the relative advantage of working as against not working, i.e. every dollar earned should be net remunerative to the dollar-earner. If the negative income tax were adopted along the lines proposed by Professor Friedman, a single unemployed worker earning at the rate of zero, would receive from the government at the rate of $1,500 per year. If he is earning at the rate of $2,000 per year, he would receive welfare at the rate of $500 per year.

Poverty programs. If the negative income tax is established, the formal problem of poverty ends. But the psychological problem remains. The maintenance of life and health is insufficient.

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But the government is ill-equipped to supervise the problem of the disorganized poor, i.e. those who are poor not because of temporary economic circumstances, but because they are utterly lacking in self-discipline. It is estimated that in New York, one half of the chronically poor are disorganized poor, who cannot be persuaded even to flush their own toilets. These are the most urgent domestic problems in America, and they must be sought out with evangelical zeal by the nation's public-spirited community. Special inducements should be offered to families and small businessmen who are willing to take one or more members of the disorganized poor and oversee their education into usefulness. The government has the responsibility to declare hopelessly irresponsible parents unqualified to bring up children, who should then be turned over to charitable organizations to bring up. The axiom that bad parents are better than no parents at all is a bad axiom, which is worse than no axiom at all.

The government can be useful by repealing the minimum wage laws which have drastically adverse effects on the marginally employed (e.g. the rise in the minimum wage rates in the past ten years is apparently responsible for tripling the rate of Negro teen-age unemployment during the same period.) □

III. CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, EDUCATION, HOUSING, LABOR

New York, May 21 — It may well be too late, but before the country goes down, a major political party should call for removing from any one labor union the right to tie down the entire country or an entire community, as various of the unions have recently done. Needed: extension of the antitrust principle to the labor movement, plus a bill of rights for management, exactly specifying the rights of management against the exercise of which. strikes are unlawful as conspiracies to deny civil rights. Also needed, laws that prohibit compulsory unionism. The labor union itself should be reviewed in terms of public policy. Research establishes that the unions are a means of increasing the wages for the better off (approximately 10-15 per cent of the labor force by 10-15 per cent) at the expense of the less well off (85-90 per cent by 4 per cent). It is accepted public policy that the government should enforce the country's anti-monopoly policies, the result of which removes the urgent necessity of labor unions, so many of which now serve extortionist functions liberals look increasingly clumsy defending.

Housing. The public housing program and the urban renewal programs suffer from advanced bureaucratism, and from a failure to appreciate the reserves of the private sector. In 1940, 49 per cent of American living units were judged below standard. In 1950, 37 per cent. In 1960, 19 per cent. By 1970, the number will be down to 7.7 per cent. During the period 1950-1960, when nearly 18.5 million new dwelling units were being constructed, urban renewal supplied only 28,000 units, less than one-fifth of one per cent of the whole. And during the period that the Federal Government built these, it tore down 126,000 units: so that the government during that period was a net destroyer of nearly 100,000 units of living quarters in which the poor had lived. The case grows for taking the government out of the housing business altogether, and permitting the poor to find their own quarters and pay for them if necessary out of funds that come in from general federal and state subsidies.

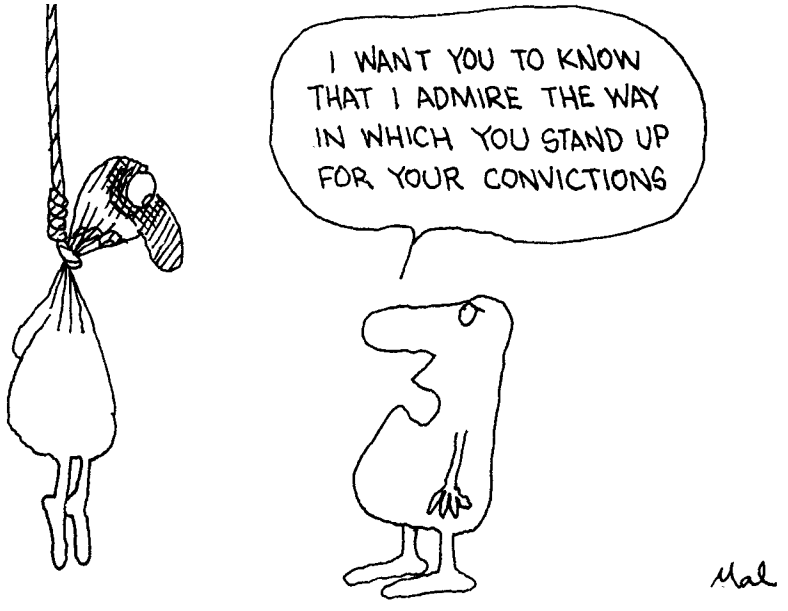
Race. The Negro community must be encouraged to exert itself in every field of endeavor, and to do this, subject itself to minimum standards of civility, even if this means indulging impulses to separatism. For instance, the continuing exclusion of Negroes by the prosperous and oligopolistic construction trades unions should be met by encouraging the formation of Negro unions. Negro-dominated schools where there is a community pressure for them, should be encouraged as tactical experiments leading to a strategic integration of the kind that tends to occur between people of similar economic and intellectual achievement. Such emphases as Judge Skelly Wright of Washington, D.C. has put on checkerboard integration are exercises in abstractionist lunacy. Granted the danger of autarky, it is a significant statistic that in the respective New York communities forty times more Chinese than Negroes had traditionally patronized businesses operated by members of their own race. Deflate the rhetoric of racial utopianism. It is worse than useless, it is mischievous, and frustrating. We shall not overcome tomorrow, or the day after. Hold out realistic hope; tranquilize; bring calm. Emphasize order.

Civil disobedience. Wage a national campaign against it, irrespective of race, color, creed or age groups. Raise penalties for infractions. Instruct prosecutors to give top priority to the prosecution of civil disobedience.

Education. The new thing in education is the encouragement of privately sponsored, privately administered pedagogical techniques: e.g., "I'll teach your children to read for $75 apiece." An extension of this innovative approach to education is the gradual loosening of the superstitions that publicly administered education is the most desirable kind of education for everyone. Parents who want them should receive vouchers, exchangeable at private schools of one's choosing. The social purpose would be to permit pluralism, individuation: and the adaptation of schools to the special needs of those who have special needs.

Social Security. Remove the limits on the amount that can be earned without penalty by recipients of Social Security payments. The present rules are rightly resented by elder citizens as a bureaucratic brake on initiative and a mockery of the insurance principle. □

(Washington Star Syndicate Inc.)



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FOR THE RECORD

■ Instant analysis: Minutes after **RFK** was proclaimed winner of Indiana primary his aides were telling TV cameramen that he got *both* Negro and ethnic bluecollar vote. Subsequent probe by *Gary Post-Tribune* indicates it ain't so (bluecollars were split). . . . Angry, opera singer **Leontyne Price**, when she found her name among sponsors of RFK in *N.Y. Times* advertisement, wants to know how many other "prominent people were victimized in the same way." (Answer: at least one other). . . . *Claremont Courier* points out one reason for massive turnouts for Bobby is **free bus rides** from college campuses to rallies, paid for by Kennedy organization. . . . It's been six weeks since either Kennedy or **Eugene McCarthy** has turned up for a Senate roll call vote. . . . Added to list of Presidential candidates who will get regular State Department foreign policy briefings: **Harold Stassen** and **George Wallace**, provoking howl from excluded **Dick Gregory**, who reminds us he is also running for Presidency. . . . What do you know: **Stewart Mott,** remember him? He launched Committee for a Republican Alternative when **Rocky** pulled out of race, which melded into Citizens for Rockefeller when Rocky moved back in, turned up at Gene McCarthy Madison Square Garden rally a week ago with a check for $50,000 for Gene, and, less than a week later, gave $100 per person reception for Democratic dove Sen. **Ernest Gruening** of Alaska in his New York apartment. (What Mott means by Republican Alternative apparently is any alternative to a Republican.)

■ Foul balls: **Robert Duncan**, who had been running 2-1 ahead of **Wayne Morse** in Oregon polls two months ago, lost his most important issue, the Vietnam war, when LBJ opted for peace talks, then was clobbered by announcement that **Lister Hill** is retiring, which makes Wayne Morse chairman of Senate Labor Committee next January; Morse hitting that point hard. At polltime Morse was leading Duncan. . . . **Oregon voters** wading through 100 names before reaching Presidential candidates; ballot is almost a yard wide.

Telegram, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

"I was just saying . . . . Ouch! . . . . what a delightful . . . . Ouch! . . . . site for peace talks!"

■ Sidelights on French crisis: Students at the **Sorbonne** called for convening of a States General shortly after start of general strike; delegates couldn't make it—no transportation. . . . When **de Gaulle** flew back from Rumania, he couldn't leave his plane: striking employees refused to roll up the ladder. Officials finally did it. . . . Latest fad among **Parisian hippies**, The Thoughts of Chairman de Gaulle—in rocktime.

■ Some of prominent far left California liberals who registered in the **Peace and Freedom Party**, have pulled out, angered both by PFP's tieup with Black Panthers and its position on dope (they're for it). Defectors have dubbed PFP the "Pot and Freak-out Party." . . . **SDS**, according to *New Left Notes*, now has a new slogan: "One, two, many Columbias." (One, two, many Vietnams.) . . . According to police figures, one-quarter of the people arrested in the first **Columbia University crackdown** were not students. . . . Someone finally figured out what it would cost the government to carry out recommendations of **Kerner Commission report**: $26 billion a year over and above the $56 billion already going out for housing, education, employment and welfare. . . . In case you didn't know it: April 22 to April 28 was Shaft the Draft Week.

■ Poll by *Stern* Magazine indicates 63 per cent of West Germans believe the Eastern Provinces (east of the Oder-Neisse) are permanently lost, and 61 per cent continue to oppose Bonn's recognition of Pankow. . . . Officials at the German Ministry of Justice say there are still **120,000 ex-Nazis** who will be tried for war crimes: 679,000 have already passed through the courts. . . . East Germany is threatening to bring out a **Who's Who in the CIA** which will identify over 3,000 CIA agents working in Europe and the Western Hemisphere. . . . A Dominican Communist defector, **Luis Genao Espaillat**, says he was trained in Cuba for the attempted Communist takeover of the Dominican Republic in July of 1965. Espaillat says also that the Dominican 14th of July Movement receives money monthly from Havana.

■ The University of Kent in England was going to name its third college "Lord Keynes." But no more, not since the theology department got hold of the new **Michael Holroyd** biography of **Lytton Strachey**.

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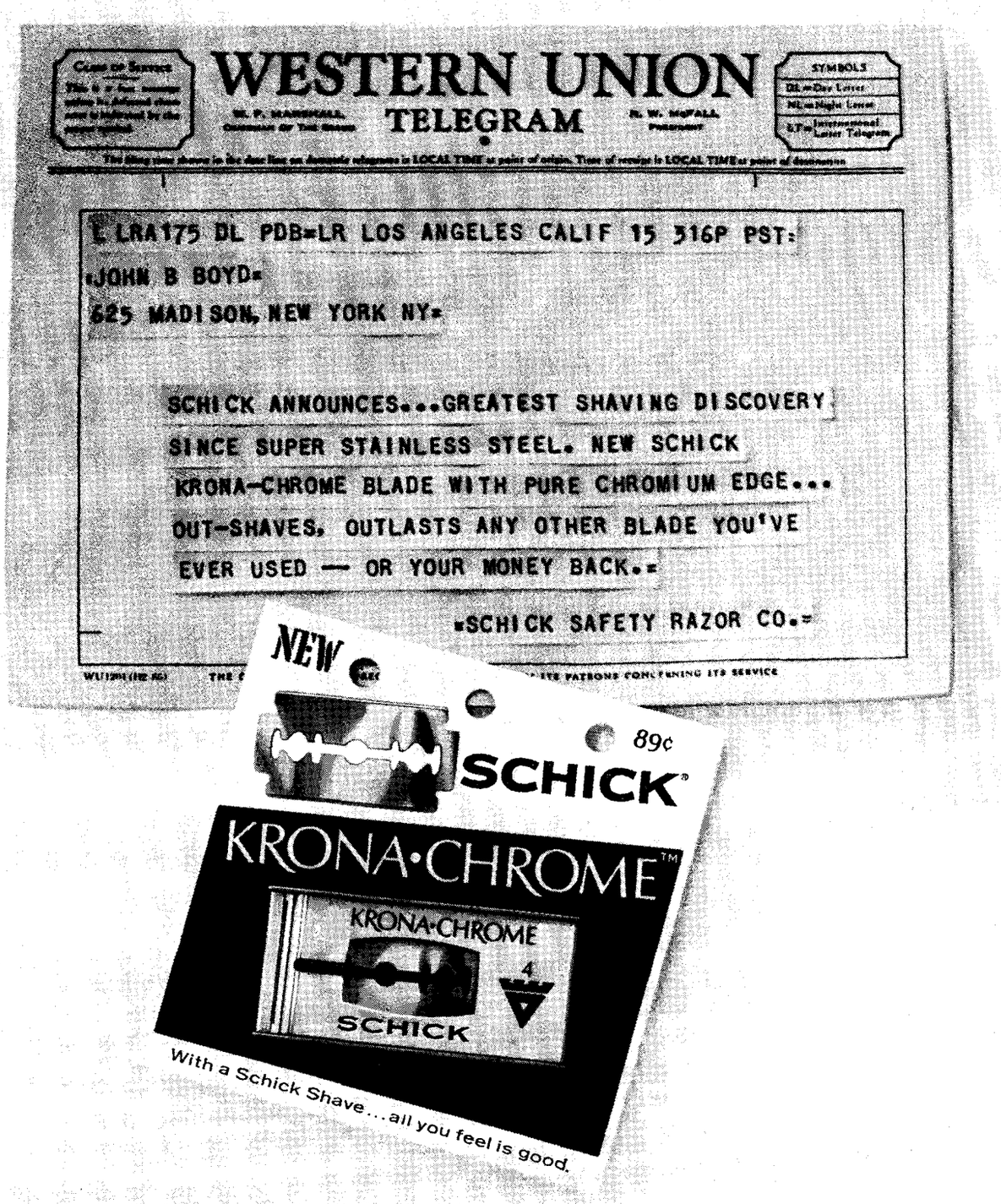

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